

Maclean's

STRATFORD

THE BORN-AGAIN FESTIVAL



WHAT WILL TOM BERGER
DO FOR AN ENCORE?

Interview

With sexologist-turned-gerontologist Dr. Alex Comfort

Dr. Alex Comfort seems to be all that he advertises: old, wise, lively, intellectually goading, possessed of a liberal if not liberal wit, and downright bloody-minded about anything he considers to be a social fault begging to be resolved. The British-born physician is a mix of aging glibly, a Canadian scholar, a socialist, a writer of more than 40 books, a married and paid-out radio host, as well as a world-renowned leading gerontologist. His best-selling titles: *The Joy Of Sex* and *More Joy Of Sex*, gave graphic images for a geriatric guide to sexual issues at the Seventies. After 25 years of research on the aged, Comfort has concluded that oldness is a political institution that tells squarely under his jurisdiction of social life. In his book, *A Good Age*, he says oldness is a convenient excuse for unemployment and that the old should pull rank and become relevant to fight for their needs. Interviewed in Toronto, Comfort served coffee and English muffins to journalist at Elie Tardieu while maintaining an incessant like line of chatter.



The right to die? It's usually the relatives who clamor for euthanasia, not the patient

Meisner: Why do you say aging has an effect on you as a person when in fact we all know that really it does have an effect on you and physically it does have an effect on whether others?

Comfort: Aging has an effect on you as a person, but what I'm implying is that when you get to be 80 you will feel a different person from when you were 20. But you will be inclined to find that other people treat you quite differently when they didn't do so before.

Meisner: Then why are we all afraid of old age?

Comfort: We project our own fear—often illusory—of what will happen in a big moment.

Meisner: Is it because of our youth cult or not?

Comfort: Well that is mostly a hype because when the last consumer population was young the buyers were devoted to them. In all the scenes where the old themselves are regarded in high esteem, they're usually fairly unattractive.

Meisner: The old are not a growing population.

Comfort: Well they're going to be around 14% or so of the population. That's a lot of old people. Also, because we have got a society in which rate of change has got to be a lot higher than the whole concept of adulthood has been spread in and old people.

Meisner: Do you think caring for the aged is an ethnic thing?

Comfort: I don't think that's entirely effective. I think everyone's ethnic background is unique in the aged. The Chinese, for instance, and the Indians have always tried to do a lot for old people. It's partly I think because the Jewish community had a very big strike in medicine. It's always been a



The right to die? It's usually the relatives who clamor for euthanasia, not the patient

highly regarded Jewish profession and even today Maimonides himself the Jewish community has certainly an intimate sense to medicine and that, with regard to these attitudes toward the old, has probably explained why they're just done this and done it properly and a lot of their trouble has been when families were really burdened with guilt if they had to put an old person in the hospital. They realize they ought to have kept him at home. I've had this problem when I've had to explain sometimes that there was a point at which the older person would be better looked after by the experts.

Meisner: Do you think that really should be done, in order to make sure they didn't have to feel guilty?

Comfort: I don't know about that, it may have been a little guilty. I wish we saw a little more of it in Anglo-Saxons. But all I can say is the result, wherever it came from, has been that the body of expenses does exist and I would hope that they could be encouraged to link up with existing hospitals so that the expense that exists there gets insulated outside just that company and goes toward the medical profession as a whole.

Meisner: In your book, you refer often to the term "ageism," a phrase intended to parallel race and sex. Do you mean race and sex?

Comfort: Although nobody is putting the old in concentration camps, nobody is killing off the old, nobody is overtly expressing hatred against the old, it is possible to have attitudes that are similar in the long term to those of overt persecution by putting them. For instance, in situations involving human where they are treated in a far less than humane way.

Meisner: You refer frequently to aging issues as being the absolute worst possible solution to what we do with old people.

Comfort: Let me stress that I'm talking about the United States exclusively. This does not refer to Canada. The book was written for the United States audience. Now here in Toronto—where you have, I suppose one of the best geriatric hospitals in the world at Baycrest—you know a great deal about providing medical services for the old. But in America have been talking in California that the exploitation of the old through nursing homes and through under-home services is the most rapidly growing branch of organized crime.

Meisner: What alternatives are there for older people who need some kind of care?

Comfort: Well the alternatives are in principle involved in home care of the sort that doesn't depend on so-to-speak constraints, so it often does in the United States who have been paying minimum wages and receiving minimum subsidy and providing very poor services. What I'm saying is, although only 1% of older Americans are in nursing homes, it's generally agreed, and it's documented, that many of them are quite degraded and we have had cases in Britain before we reformed them where old people used to have their teeth and their spectacles brought around in a basket and they were expected to choose from the basket.

Meisner: I thought Britain had the highest geriatric care.

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Conforti: It has now, I didn't say. At first we had to fight for it. We've got very good genetic service now.

Maclean: In Canada, close to 7% of our fertility are in infertile. Some people are afraid that we are getting the children early for having more people in existence than our other industrialized nations.

Conforti: I would be very slow to generalize about Canada. You have some very special problems not the least of which is climate, and it may not be possible to do it on the basis of fertility of the rate and in that case one would have to do whatever one could. So it would be wrong to envision the way it is done here until one has an alternative. So far in Britain it is considered as to be so, for instance, the entire parts of the United States are considered it would be best more economical and much better for people if they could be kept in their homes by what I would term "assisted inbreeding." That's a picture seen in Scandinavia where people live in great old houses and they have available some to have services such as a nurse who can look after them when they're sick and a relay where they can get out if they don't want to cook and a housekeeper service if they're feeling bad that day and don't want to clean up. But they have the extent of requesting self-supporting and doing these things. Now that in America only exist for the rich in most cases. There are statistics like this but the problem there is to find a way of getting the type of service for lower income groups. I simply don't know whether that is true of Canada or not.

Maclean: Do you see old people have the right to choose to die? When do we consider he has made a hard and honest judgment and one that is influenced by confusion or depression that could be treated?

Conforti: That sounds more difficult than it is because it's not a real problem as a rule in medical practice with many old people and with younger ones. It's the relatives who choose for euthanasia and the patient himself. Is there any point at which an old person simply goes up?

Conforti: There is a point at which they go up and in which they very often do so, especially in a emergency, but it isn't the doctor's job to assist people to commit suicide. He very rarely is in a position of doing that. The doctor's job, where it's in taking place is to make the dying as painless as possible and not to do medicalized treatment to extend the life to becoming a burden for the person who loves it. We used to be taught that you shall not make the treatment more grievous than the disease, and I think that's what the Pope means when he said that one shouldn't adopt extraordinary measures to keep people alive beyond their time.

Maclean: I'd like to ask you about women. Do you think that the women's movement, particularly in its expression in the United States and Canada, has affected and will affect the upcoming generation of people who are becoming adults?

Conforti: I sincerely hope it will and the people it most needs to affect are men, because men have actually laid on themselves an even bigger trap than they've laid on women, as you will find if you try to do sex counseling. But the male, who has got the incredible technological and cultural image of what modern is engaged in his mind, now finds he can't deal with a normal woman as it is too demoralizing. So really men are interested in perceiving themselves as well as perceiving women.

Maclean: He cannot deal with an old woman, you say.

Conforti: A normal woman. I think that's one important thing that perhaps women's lib will lead to people lib. And I

is a wig still doesn't look like a young woman, and if you're going to say to him that way you are not going to get anywhere. I think that I didn't really doubt them entirely. I said that a man and woman are one of these to make yourself look your best in order to attract them but you so much so to make you feel good about yourself.

Maclean: How can an old woman compare sexually? Or an old man?

Conforti: I think it can only happen when much of the nature of women becomes intensely altered. I think now I would be very hesitant now to get involved with the 16- or 18-year-old chick of the type one had held up as a sexual ideal because one learns by experience that very often the young girl who is very powerful, sexual image we see actually very sexual people. That is the fault of the advertising and the set-up. And there was an old Cockney saying that you don't have to look at the mantelpiece clock when you're finding a first-class apartment; have been looked at the great sexual nation. We have this terrible advertising type of what makes you beautiful, everything from toothpaste to airplanes. It really is a trap.

Maclean: How much can the acceptance of masturbation in older people which you speak about as fairly be flawed down into immorality and places where old people actually live and make it?

Conforti: We need to give older people in themselves the same options of sexual behavior that ordinary adults in society have. Whether they choose to engage in it with other people or not, whether they choose to form sexual connections or not, we all have that option and we are not normally satisfied with provided we do it in a reasonably civilized way. But once you get into the custody of somebody else and put into an institution, there's always in an attempt to stop you from doing anything except what's allowed all day watching television.

Maclean: I want to touch on the question of heterosexuality. For the elderly, heterosexuality is such a serious subject, if a person of that generation had married at 20, they may never have had close to their own life. Should people who are naturally left alone as an older age remember their long experience, more to smaller questions, and planning a new life for themselves? Is that possible?

Conforti: They must give a new life and the community and their friends can give them support in so doing. One of the troubles is, if you are ever bereaved, you feel you get suddenly supported by all your friends who don't know how to talk to you or what to say and they haven't acquired the custom of merely presenting themselves silently and giving their support and caring.

We have very little sense in dealing with the reality of death and that applies equally to professionals.

Maclean: How do you reckon that an old

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A lot of young girls project powerful sexual images, but aren't very sexual people

think the old are bound to benefit from that. There's a certain cynicism from every movement for greater recognition of people in people, whether it's old rights or whether it's any other liberation movement. It's not entirely self-serving. It tends to lead to a different attitude to society gradually and the old would benefit greatly from that.

Maclean: You dismiss the role of women's work for the women as being primarily to show the way and the making up and then later you, by the same token, you sincerely admit that a woman has a sexual life as the men side.

Conforti: I don't think that men are the way to deal with it because an old woman



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There is a way to prevent Canada's disintegration. Is there a will?

Column by Walter Gordon



I believe that most English-speaking

Canadians understand and sympathize with the concern of Quebecers of all French Canadians, about separating and preserving their language and their culture. French-speaking Canadians feel threatened, surrounded as they are by 250 million English-speaking North Americans. If the situation were reversed, we English-speaking Canadians would feel the same way they do.

Is it this with some assurance because in an economic sense many of us worry about the dominating influence that foreignness, mostly American corporations have in the Canadian economy and too directly in Canadian culture and political affairs. Had we our language that was threatened, we would be disturbed, indeed.

Some people seem to believe that Canada could survive if Quebec should separate. I am not one of them. If Quebec were to become a separate, independent country, English-speaking Canada would be divided into two unequal parts, with the Atlantic provinces at one end, Ontario and the Western provinces at the other. These two parts would be separated by a new, foreign and unacceptably unfriendly country in between. I do not believe such an arrangement would last indefinitely. More likely some parts of the newly created English-speaking Canada would join the United States or negotiate special arrangements with that country. It would be the end of Canada as we know it.

Let us hope that will not happen, that some acceptable modification of the problem will be found. It has been suggested that a parliamentary committee should be set up to consider changes in the Constitution—presently including changes that would give Quebecers full autonomy about the preservation of their language and culture and a greater degree of control over their own affairs. This committee should hold hearings across Canada.

While I believe that the federal authorities must remain fully present in the fields of defence, foreign policy, relations with other countries, finance and economic policy, transportation and so on, I can see no reason why Quebec, subject to minority rights and interests, should not have complete control over cultural matters and education, over health and welfare and other social security matters (with the exception of unemployment insurance), and a very real autonomy from about 100 things not from other powers. There may be other fields that should be allocated specifically to Quebec including re-

sponsibility for communications. And if Quebecers would prefer to operate under a presidential rather than a parliamentary form of government within their own province and subject to the primary authority and responsibility of the federal government in the fields referred to previously, that should be discussed openly and with sympathetic consideration.

At the time of the last census on July 1, 1976, some 30 per cent of the actual Canadian population of 23 million was represented by Canadians of French origin in the Province of Quebec. And of



some 60 per cent of those still a large majority according to the opinion polls are not separatists, that representing one half or even three quarters of all those of French origin in Quebec would vote in the proposed referendum in favour of separation, what would this mean? It would mean that 80% or 15% of our total population had voted in a referendum to take on a French colony in Quebec which would eventually be the end of Canada. What then?

René Lévesque the Premier of Quebec, has said that after Quebec has separated—which under the Canadian Constitution would be illegal—he and his associates would re-deal with the authorities in the English-speaking parts of the country and work out suitable economic arrangements with what remains of Canada. Premier William Davis of Ontario and the premiers of the four Western provinces have said they would not negotiate with Quebec under such conditions. The federal government would have no right to acknowledge

or accept the secession of Quebec or any other province. Therefore they would have no right to negotiate with a Quebec that claimed to have separated from Canada. That being the case the federal authorities should state unequivocally that they will not play Lévesque's game, that they could not even if they wished to.

If despite these warnings, Quebec should decide to separate, Quebecers should not expect English-speaking Canadians or the federal authorities to turn the other cheek. Quebecers should know that in those circumstances they would be on their own, there would be no accommodation to be made with what remained of Canada.

Having said this, let me stress that in the affairs of civilized people, I am convinced much more can be accomplished by compromise in a spirit of goodwill than by threats and confrontation. Therefore, I would urge Lévesque and his associates not to put English-speaking Canadians in a position where negotiation becomes impossible. In the circumstances of a peaceful English-speaking Canada would be much more ready to go along with much of what Quebec is seeking than of the dismembering of our country. But the time for a discussion of such matters is, in fact, over. Quebec holds its referendum.

Francis Macfarlane Tindale is an articulate, intelligent man who should know Quebec as well or better than anyone else in parliament. However at times he gives the impression of preferring confrontation to compromise and, sometimes of preferring the process of discussion (the university seminar approach) to decisive action. This present critical situation calls for a conciliatory attitude on the part of all public men concerned in the matter. With this in mind, I believe it would be helpful if Tindale were to strengthen his government by inviting two or three respected outsiders to join him in the task of looking over the country together. If it is not too highly exaggerated, Francis Tindale should be able to put together one of the strongest governments in Canadian history to deal with our country's present crisis. That in itself should be half the battle.

Present feelings of despair and uncertainty must be expected to continue until the Quebec crisis is resolved. With this in mind, I would urge the federal authorities to resolve the initiative in this matter and do so quickly.

Former justice minister and author Walter Gordon is now Chairman of Canadian Corporate Management Co. Ltd.

Letters

Caught looking the other way

I enjoyed *Mag Town At The Bar* (May 3) but would you kindly explain why Roy Macdonald is wearing a "creative" cap?



Macdonald "valetopped" on the *Blue Day*.

Every loyal *Blue Day* fan knows the *Blue Day* always runs with his back to the left. LAWRENCE HULL, WATERLOO, ONT.

Personally it is more efficient to have a profile looking toward the centre of the magazine rather than not toward the margin. So we "flipped" the negative and the *Blue Day* came up backwards. Obviously we didn't vacuum for the reader's knee eyes.

Macdonald may not be perfect, but...
Being a member of the National Assembly in Quebec since November 15, an anglophone, and a member of the opposition, knowing the frustrations and the terrors of dealing with a government that is already acting as if it has separated from

Canada, I could've helped but feel equally for my colleague Roy Macdonald in Angela Freeman's *Peckham In Exile* (April 4). There is no question in that article and a kind of cynicism so typical of the kind of journalism that so easily enjoys carving up a politician. Perhaps more than anything, this kind of journalism is seen in refusing to acknowledge the gulf of misunderstanding that is progressively destroying the national fabric of our country.

Roy Macdonald is certainly not without fault, but his contribution to expanding the understanding about what is going on in Quebec must be appreciated. As a competitor of his during the election, I know that his being there prevented us from winning a number of ridings. But go in that that, since the election, his job has been to try and explain to Canadians across the country that the Quebec problem is a national problem, not just about language differences, and that the need for mutual respect for our differences can be the only solution to the problem.

It would have been too easy for Macdonald to quietly enjoy the privileges of a Minister of the Crown in Ottawa. To have gained some into the political scene of Quebec and having to give up a party led by a leader who had made such a total failure of his mandate that he left his party alienated from the local electorate of Quebec, could never be considered opportunistic.

ROY WILSON, STANLEY
NINA FOR PONTI-CLARK, QUE.

A very young man with a horn

I was filled with great joy when I read *Blowing Your Own Horn* (April 18) on Fraser MacPherson. For a long time now, we

have had the notion of the man hidden in "our own little corner of the world." I hope Macdonald will reveal many more attributes of the man and let the world know of this "Genius of Jazz" that we have in Canada.

I said to live around the corner from MacPherson on a long night in Victoria, B.C. May we wait the days when we would all be out in the sunbath, doing nothing in particular, and we would hear from the MacPherson household sounds of Fraser practicing horn after horn on his horn. I wish I could see him. He certainly has "bald" hair. I am sure that jazz musicians, like myself, who have had the luck to play on music jobs with MacPherson, are smiling from ear to ear after reading this article—and thinking: "It's about time!"

WALTON GREVE, CALGARY

Big business is watching you

The interview with Peter McCollough of Xerox (April 18) is interesting as a revelation of the new fascism—corporate fascism. Based on the weekly, daily communication is an unenlightened dogma that says, basically, that the business of all life is business, that big business is the best for all, and that material only be left alone to do the job for you. This philosophy is to turn the world into a consumer's prison. The new fascism is materially benign; however a prison, whether furnished with "soft" machine-made velvet walls or "plain" wooden sleeping platforms, is still a prison nonetheless. I was not yet ready to hand over the key to my cell for material benefit, to a man who says, parenthetically, "I think the attempt at dehumanization around the world is ongoing."

By the way—regarding the 48-hour ques-

tion that the new step of conservative standards "back down their noses" I find it interesting that the news stories of the new conservatism run right alongside stories of falling western standards and poor achievement. I can't help but wonder if the two phenomena are related.

PETER B. CAMERON
INFERIOR FUNCTION, ONT.

Does anybody know what day it is?

What is the holiday for the day after the Preview (May 2) regarding plans "to celebrate July 1, or Canada Day (formerly Dominion Day)"? So far as I am aware, Dominion Day is still a legal holiday and there has not been any legislation to change the name of that day or anything else. Despite the tendency of this government to abandon many of our traditions simply by using different nomenclature, it is uncommon to suggest that the purpose of a newsworthy article is to inform.

W. S. THOMSON, GOREVILLE, ONT.

There hasn't been any legislation on the same change from Dominion Day to Canada Day. The term "Canada Day" is becoming the more common description for the July 1 holiday.

The stuff that substance are made of

Walter Stewart's essay on Alaska oil (When Alaska Oil Starts Flowing, March 21) is an excellent example of objective reporting. Stewart says that nobody seriously thinks comprehensive energy includes fossil fuels. Quite honestly, what is so hard to tell from Alaska does will be "dashed around" by 1978. With the United States currently importing some 10 million barrels of oil daily, there is little doubt what to do with the stuff. It will be used to replace some of the imports and some help relieve some of the stress on the U.S. balance of payments. It will also help reduce the existing risk in the national security and economy that results with oil shortages. The problem, if there is one, is how to do this in the most efficient manner which includes consideration of the environment and of the economy.

Then Stewart fails to recognize the fact that the low petroleum product prices which Canada and the United States enjoyed for years, caused only because oil companies could find and develop production overseas and transport it to North America at a cost lower than that produced locally. The simple reason for this is the cost of finding and producing. In common with many people who criticize the petroleum industry, Stewart fails to recognize the real problem—a high and increasing consumption of oil fuel for which at present there is no known substitute that does not pollute more and/or cost more. It would have been much better to examine some of the trade-offs and considerations that must be recognized, and work toward a possible solution.

ROY D. LINDHEIM, CALGARY

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Good news is no news

I read with pleasure Miss Saltsman's column, *The Skyline Of Fear* (page 18), with just one small point of disagreement. He states that "we are in danger of becoming a nation of well-off 'hickies'." I feel that we have already reached that point and that the media can use one more of the responsibility. Saltsman quotes a report from the C. D. Howe Research Institute that "from 1969 to 1975, real after-tax income grew significantly faster than in any other country in the world." As Canadians, we should be proud of this fact but I have failed to see or hear this mentioned elsewhere in Saltsman's column. On the other hand we have been used with articles, reports and commentaries on our lack of social progress and education.

D. H. BRUNARD, FREDRICKTON

Usually Miss Saltsman's theme is correct—the establishment is small "P" liberal, and our parkinsons and media have become the firmest of controlling interest, at the expense of Canadian unity but, has there is wrong, any of several groups of overlooking non-nationalist Canadians ("with no axe to kick and no need to dance") may at any strange moment would more than power than any combination of farmers, workers or small business. We all talk, but organized money speaks the loudest. The name of the game is "Divide-and-Rule," and those employed to hold the scenery have no hold in the script and do not direct production.

C. CRATE, BROMFISTON, SASK.

Wanted are the rich—only the rich

Have you read *Comet West* (April 18) or any other journal that Saltsman Zorbas does not live in Alberta. We moved here six months ago because my husband was transferred. We expected some sort of financial land, having been fed all sorts of coherent information such as Zorbas offers. David had promised—while some can afford to squander their money on 10,000 dollars (big deal) there are so many more who cannot afford to make half of any kind! Consider the small farmers who have left the land or more of the wealthy Alberta is reported to be searching with What's more, having here is expensive, while we owned our home outright in British Columbia, we now find that we must sell out twice the amount for the same thing (or less).

While good old id doesn't have in wide a variety of jobs to offer, we can easily say that our standard of living was higher there. My husband runs more here, but we don't have money to spare as we did in BC. Don't get me wrong, I love Alberta (what I've experienced so far) for its cities, youngsters and wide open spaces. But it isn't all gold farms and T-bones.

JUDY BARNER, LEBAN, ALTA.

Zorbas has lived in the Calgary area for the past eight years.

More power to Peter Leopold and to Alberta. I am glad there is a growing place in Canada where the poor is growing. The law is ripe for a more equitable distribution of power in this country. Besides, it is nice to see someone have the jump on Toronto for a change, we are not the only Canadians to harbor real and strong grievances against that city. Toronto has money and situation limited only by big business, the federal government and the Ontario government, leaving the rest of us as a satellite for the crumb. So I, for one, do not begrudge Alberta getting a good solid chunk of cash.

EDWARD A. W. SMITH, HAMILTON, ONT.

How the revolution should be

In a letter to the editor (February 10) Miss J. Caswell described Shasta Hall as being a "fun machine" and served your magazine giving photographs. Obviously she has an understanding of the word "pornographic." It is a rare example but any type of sexual perversion in our society has failed. Sexuality is something intense to human life as a whole and we will never be able to communicate effectively as human beings until we understand our sexuality. Perhaps Miss Caswell would classify Marxism and Johnson also as "sex machine." It is because of these miseries that cultural myths are constantly being exploded and that women are beginning to lead the lives they deserve to lead. If women wish to reclaim the subterranean archetype that men have created for I suggest the word "sex" never be mentioned. If Maclean's has sexual pornography, then perhaps Peter Maclean's *Travels* will join the Rolling Stones.

RONALD MORRIS
PORTER, ANTONIO, TEXAS, U.S.A.

Mutual exclusion?

I read Allen Froberg's *Flow* (April 18) and was not sure if he felt the government or if he felt the people. I feel that if the CBC's mandate to promote Canadian unity is continued to mean that the network must endorse the existing political structure, it is a far better home for minorities and it is a dangerous misrepresentation on the night of a free society to explore all of its political aspects. If, on the other hand, the mandate is construed to mean that the CBC should promote understanding between the various regional and ethnic groups that constitute Canada, it is consistent with our democratic heritage and a useful step in the direction of genuine federation.

When a CBC production argues for the independence of Quebec, it contravenes the first interpretation of the mandate but not the second. Therefore, to be consistent with our democratic principles, our government should encourage this producer with ongoing debate, not discourage him with some quasi-political inquiry.

ROSE MCGILL
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Maclean's

MAY 22/1977

Preview

After 40 years of trying, will Lois Lane finally get her man?

Until we hit puberty, the question never occurred to us, but then we began to wonder: "Do Superman and Lois Lane... uh... fool around?" It was, of course, never answered. But maybe, just maybe, we're about to find out. Margot Kladner,



Lois (Johna 1940s) and Kladner (this column): how new, Clark Kent



the hypersexual Canadian actress, has joined the cast (Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, Valerie Perrine, Terence Stamp et al.) of the million-dollar *Superman*, currently in production in London. After Miss Lane can't get the Man of Steel (Christopher Reeve) into a compromising position, then the rest of the man may never be tested.

The Mob and all its works

A Detroit television columnist, geographically well situated to make such comparisons, insists that Canadian news and public affairs programs—especially those of the much maligned CBC—are consistently and vastly superior to those done in the United States. On June 12 and 13 Canadians will get yet another chapter to see what he's talking about as the CBC presents three hours (two 90-minute segments) on an-

guished crime in Canada. As Maclean's went to press *Corrections* was still being "lawyered" (as they say in the trade) but Peter Herndorf, the network's new corporate vice-president of planning (free of current affairs when the documentary was made), was confident it would run pretty much intact. Which includes interviews with mobsters (some identified, others not), the naming of names, and hidden camera/microphone techniques that pick up actual conversations among criminals. While the Mob is not too happy about it all, Herndorf says, there have been no threats of violence. However, he expects the usual number of lawsuits that follow such a show.

Every inch a sailor—again

If it was good enough for Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly in *Anchors Aweigh*, and for Jack Nicholson and Ottavia Young in *The Last Detail*, it's still good enough for today's navy. Three years ago those lubbers at the Pentagon decided American sailors shouldn't really have to wear those bell-bottoms and jumpers and tie-dye white belts, so they had them replaced with double-knit suits (double-breasted jackets), white shirts and ties. Naturally they never asked the sailors how they felt about it. When they did, recently, they discovered that 87% of them hated the new uniform and wanted the old one back. And, oddly enough, they're going to get it—within the next few months. "It suggests," a Pentagon spokesman said recently, "you could say we've just had a very expensive brush with fashion."



She's and Kelly: the old ways are sometimes the best

The civil disservice

Why does a bureaucrat only blink one eye in the morning? People in High Places with such anecdotes as the one about the senior bureaucrat who, at a cocktail party, was chatting to another bureaucrat, he casually asked her classification got it and then proceeded to stifle through a set of cards he hid in his pocket. Discovering she wasn't important enough to talk to, he took his leave, searching out someone more prestigious to pass the time with.

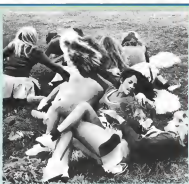


They may not know art in Calgary, but they know what they like

Local life artist Louise Brooker speculates that Calgary, as the East has long suspected, is a city of adolescent taste: showbiz. Or maybe, she says, Calgary teenagers are simply in revolt against Alberta's state-run institutions. But when Brooker blows up her hands in despair ("Psychological deep funk about"), the Port Port Girls could drive you crazy," she concludes.

For the benefit of the rest of the world where the movie sank without a trace months ago, The Port Port Girls is Calgary's biggest movie hit since The Sound of Music, more than a decade ago. It didn't quite rattle the Sound of Music out of Calgary's longest running movie (72 weeks), but when it closed this month in its 151-second week it had played Calgary months longer than anywhere else in the world.

Calgary is a fairly nice city, says Brooker, about as nice where foreign programming movies rarely play, or even there rarely last longer than three days. "Violent, redneck-by-nightclub" films such as Walling-Tall have enjoyed phenomenal success in Calgary but The Port Port Girls doesn't even fit that category. It's a softie, luscious-drama. It's revealing about the local movie rivalry between two California high schools and the battle between two teen bands for the love of a blond cheerleader. A cast of over-the-hill comedians, quarter-century California boys and girls head out, unsmile out a school nurse smokes dope in the toilet, punch out a teacher, drive motorcycles, no hands make out on the beach and wind up with a good old-fashioned game of chicken. Calgary critics tried to guess the movie. "I hope it would go away. But they



The 'Girls' at play: the people's choice

all dutifully caught up with it as if made in their world of two different realities, and they all agreed it was total anti-chemical youth rebellion.

They had more difficulty explaining its success. It was obviously targeted at the under 15s, but for most of its run The Port Port Girls had a restricted rating. "Teen-sigma 18 and 19 would go wild," says Calgary Herald movie critic Carol Hoag who caught it in its 28th eighth week. "It was a stupid cliche. It attracted the teen crowd because it put down teachers and adult authority. They liked it going long enough for it to become an object of curiosity. So older people went to see what all the fuss was about and they pro-

longed it again." By the time some six screens were supposed to win the film an anti-restricted rating, a whole new generation of eager teenagers was lining up to get in.

Calgarians all of more intellectual persuasion are proud of the popularity of The Port Port Girls and the ammunition it gives. Canadians who see Alberta as vulgar, uncivilized, roughneck are shocked by youth or culture. But the Canadian Teachers' Group at least is ecstatic. Message: Port Port Girls could tell them to hit their houses on an annual march. "Calgarians' fresh film tastes couldn't despair—The Port Port Girls is due to open just in time for the back-to-school trade fairs,"

DEBORAH LEVINE

sons. Transport Minister Odo Lepp pointed the case as a "very well-organized" and "promoted quick action on the abandonment recommendations. But that, and the proposed creation of a new set of rules, raise the prospect of more lawsuits, which will likely be raised at the next court. Aside from the other two recommendations, the Hall commission has stressed that the age-old debate over the Prairie rail system is still far from over.

BYRON ECKHARDT

QUEBEC

Out, damned slush!

René Lévesque has been angry about what he calls the old slush-fund tradition of financing Quebec political parties for ever longer than he's been angry about Confederation. He has been fighting the system for years and when he talks about the reformation of the old funding before the passage of his latest, more powerful, law to put in place to replace the old system, it comes to no surprise to those who know him that one of the very first bits of legislation introduced by his Parti Québécois government was a proposal for what may be the world's toughest law governing political party financing. Bill 160.

But despite the fact that it may well transform the state of politics in Quebec and the province's uneasy history of election fund-raising, surprisingly little attention has been paid to the bill. And one of the very few clear signs of its strategic provisions are reacted they may be used to a president by the government when it establishes the rules governing a fund-raising during the forthcoming referendum debate on independence.

So tough are the bill's restrictions that only voters—not corporations or associations—will be able to contribute to political parties, and every donor giving more than \$25 must be identified. The proposed law would restrict political donations all the

time—not only during election campaigns (Montreal, for example, has forbidden corporate or union donations but only during election campaigns—which permits the government party to prepare for a campaign shortly after elections, thereby can contribute more than \$3,000 a year to any political party. The bill is designed to do that of a political party, and contributions could be made only to recognized parties.

The main objective of the new bill is to force all parties to do the kind of grassroots fund-raising that has always been the policy of the PQ. And for the old, established parties the challenge is enormous, coming as they do from a long-drawn tradition that was part of Quebec folklore: a home dinner and an evening given kept warm and where big favours were repaid in lucrative government contracts.

Meanwhile, critics of the bill are denigrating some of the strategy intended against a reform that states that any money paid to politicians to support the campaign or a political party will be considered a contribution. This has raised fears in some circles that a coalition group opposing construction of a new highway, say, would now also receive money when it tried to raise money. Liberal MP Jean Noël Lévesque argues that under the terms of the bill even would be critics of any law could only publish their views if they were members of a political party. Also Péneston, a Montreal lawyer who is chairman of the Positive Action Committee, a group fighting the 1976 language legislation, is also concerned. "At least when it comes to a political party, you have to have something to support the government," he says.

But the bill's critics are not alone in being sloppy drinkers. "Slushy or not, it's a whole hole to scotch the entire of anglophones in Quebec,"

CHRISTOPHER FRASER

THE MARITIMES

Parity begins at home

Harvey Webber has a plan: a deeply simple plan, for nothing less than the economic resurrection of the Maritime provinces. "We are all sick of being a kidnapping area," says Webber, a 41-year-old woman's wear retailer in Sydney, Nova Scotia, and a vice-president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce. His proposal, a huge provincial-wide campaign aimed at convincing every family in the Atlantic region to spend just \$150 more a year on locally made products. That according to Webber's statistics, would mean an extra \$15 million being put in the area to stimulate the economy, money that could make the difference between economic uncertainty and economic stability.

Webber's arithmetic makes sense to the director of the Atlantic Provinces Chamber of Commerce (APCC). Chamber president Graham Meador of St. John's, Newfoundland, thinks the plan is "absolutely sound and so simple it's a wonder no-



Webber: planning beyond handouts

one thought of it before." It will be presented to influential businessmen throughout the Maritime region during the APCC annual meeting in Charlottetown next month, and the board is so certain it will be adopted that it has asked Webber to hire an implementation plan team.

Vendors of a buy-Maritime plan have been tried before but on a smaller scale. Prince Edward Island's campaign—"Yes, we have a lot growing for you"—held in the last two months of 1978, was successful enough that it will be repeated at least once in 1980. And, says Webber, if it can work for one province, even work for the entire Atlantic region.

Previously labeled Atlantic Canada, Webber's province has two parts: Prince Edward Island and the Maritime provinces. The Maritime provinces are the products to which shoppers turn for their need of better-known imported items. There are about one million people in Atlantic Canada, spending \$6.3 billion a year, says Webber. "The things we buy come mostly from Ontario and Quebec, and if they don't come from there they come from foreign countries. So in most as something is sold in Atlantic provinces, the merchant is sending out dollars that are going to be back here or by acquisition grants or even [Department of Regional Economic Expansion]."

Initially, when the Parti Québécois government started talking recently about encouraging Quebecers to buy more of their own province's products, that was widely seen outside Quebec as an anti-Canadian attitude. But now the business community of the entire Atlantic region is on the verge of adopting Webber's buy-local-first program—and the reason from the rest of Canada has been a declining interest.

DEBORAH LEVINE

water coaches, a Prairie rail authority to be approved in a federal Crown corporation no later than the end of the year. It would have 12 years to decide the fate of these lines.

The five-man commission visited the towns built and abandoned of more than 90 communities in history attended by more than 15,000 farmers. Over and over, the local people pleaded with the guide, grey-haired Hall to spare the line through their town. At the same time, railway company officials urged a third of the line to be abandoned, attempting to persuade the commission that it no longer made sense to maintain a system of transportation and grain handling that had become obsolete.

Since the report's release, there have

been some fierce cries of protest from some of the 813 communities along the line poised for abandonment. But barely a 60th of these communities have populations of more than 100 and many are already warned by signs of decay such as boarded up windows, vacant houses and closed schools. In the tiny community of Killdeer, in southern Saskatchewan, local people such as Joyce Koster, a farmer's wife, are the village doctor on the one lone bus line the town's residents together. But Killdeer's track is slated for abandonment and Koster feels that once they give the people will go on. It also will mean a crush on farmers' pocketbooks since grain-hauling distances will be extended by more than 20 miles, and as the Koster family's case it will mean the 1949

and 1956 farm trucks that were good enough for local grain hauling will no longer do.

But Hall suggests in his report that Prairie farmers exaggerate the importance of rail branch lines and local industries. "It appears there may be a tendency to ignore the significance of the railway 30 to 50 years ago [before the automobile came, good roads and airplanes] with its significance today," he says. "It is the people and the spirit of the people which give the community its ability, not the railway nor the railways."

The importance of the report was underlined by Premier Peter Lougheed who remarked that it has "implications that are much more significant for Alberta than the Berger report" (see page 18). And in On-



Lougheed: in for the red and corrupt boss

Now the scheming starts

Mr. Berger's report has been duly noted

By Ian Urquhart

Outside a conference room in Ottawa's stylish Four Seasons Hotel, privileged executives from Canadian Arctic Gas Pipeline Ltd. (CAGL) are despite conversation. Their faces are glum, reflecting their ever-diminishing odds of getting their Mackenzie Valley gas pipeline proposed in a report released earlier in the day by Mr. Justice Thomas Berger. But their mood is distastefully defiant. One member of the group, wearing a cap and who had his mind made up before he started his inquiry three years ago, "It's an ideological report," declares the CAGL man, who clearly believes the battle is over. "Now we have to get to the four senior ministers in cabinet," he says, without mentioning his targets.

Indeed, the Berger report is not the end but the beginning of a fierce struggle that will take place in Canada over the next three months as the country grapples toward decisions on a northern gas pipeline that will take years of debate, starting with the first discovery of oil and gas in abundance in Prudhoe Bay on the northern Alaska coast in 1968. The debate is scheduled to end September 1, the deadline set by the United States for deciding on a pipeline route to bring the gas south. Will it be through Canada or to work oil across Alaska and into Mexico for the rest of the journey? The decision by the Canadian government will be a fundamental way shape not only Canada's energy policy but also its economic direction over the next decade.

It is not just a fight pitting the survival of the northern oil in the wilderness. Values along the coast of the 2.5 million Canadian homes heated by natural gas, it is, as well, a clash between the conservative industrial society and the neo-green environmental movement. For the northern states, the decision and the Berger report are water sheds in their battle to preserve something at what they once were before the white man came (see box).

While Berger does not have the last word, his findings shape the focus of the debate with his findings like attack on CAGL, the consensus of 16 Canadian and foreign-owned companies proposed to build a \$30-billion, 2,625-mile pipeline from Prudhoe Bay and the Mackenzie Delta, down the Mackenzie Valley in the United States and southern Canada. In his 213-page report, written in the first person, Berger also a fairly Mowat-like phraser.

Berger and a map showing proposed pipeline routes in the hands of the public



understanding of the northern natives and recommends a 10-year postponement of any pipeline construction in the Mackenzie Valley. He also rules out the CAGL, proposing a study and making the study in even further, delivers a positive appraisal of the Alaska pipeline proposal. CAGL's arch rival.

It was a stunning setback for CAGL, once considered a sure thing. An accord in 1978, Jean Chrétien, then Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, stated, "This government, after weighing all the factors involved very carefully, has come to the conclusion that a gas pipeline down the Mackenzie Valley is in the national interest." Now, after Berger, it may never happen.

No one should have been surprised by Berger's report. Born in Vienna during the Great Depression, son of an actor and a nurse, and a socialist who has always sided with the underdog. As a young lawyer, he regularly fought the establishment on behalf of unions, victims, political issues, and the Indians in BC. He became a New Democrat and was briefly an MP before being defeated by Rex Bell, now federal justice minister, in 1963. For an even longer time, in 1969, he was leader of the BC New Democrats. But he was elected by W. A. C. Bennett's Social Credit Party later that year. Then, in 1971, he was appointed an arbitrator for a former partner John Turner to the BC Supreme Court. There he sat in relative obscurity until 1974 when the federal government, in a money panic and with the vote building the balance of power, appointed him to lead the inquiry into the Mackenzie Valley pipeline. He viewed the assignment as the greatest challenge in his life and he responded to it with a fervor that lifted him to the status of the new folk hero of the country's left.

Berger rejects the idea that he was North with preconceptions, but there is no doubt his sympathies were with the natives and not with Jewish capitalism. His report accepts at face value most of the natives' professions about the social and environmental harm a pipeline would bring, but questions its reality only on one point: the harm to the environment. In the process he shows a vision of the North from that of a Jew to be explained to that of a native born to be protected.

Not surprisingly, the native leaders cheered the report. "It's a real victory for the Three Indian people," George Erasmus, president of the Indian Brotherhood of the Northwest Territories. The war and environmental protest in the celebrations. Equally phraser was Fookah Poot Lom Lo, the company proposing the new Alcan (Alcan-Caledon) route around the Mackenzie Valley.

The report also caused some second thoughts among CAGL's supporters. The Ontario government, an early CAGL backer, jumped off the bandwagon. Jo-

The Land: is this the end of first-come, last-served?



Field: a small matter of ownership...

Sen. Rick Field, a blind seismologist and president of the Inuit-based Committee for Original People's Entitlement (COPE), has traveled thousands of miles to the west coast of Ontario to argue for his people's land claims in the Mackenzie Valley. In a strange room in a strange city he presented his case with simple eloquence. "I had always been the land. Then they started selling it. Crown land, as though it were their own. Now they are selling it and granting permits for oil and gas. But we are living on the land and we have to help end hunt and fish. It's our culture. It's our whole way of life."

The Berger report had been out for a week, giving rise to the verbal battle over the land of the Far North and leading new hope to Field and other native leaders who are demanding tight control over the incursions of an energy-hungry, industry-hungry, come whatever the cost of the 2,000 Inuit (Eskimos of the western Arctic) and an organization representing the Indians of the Northwest Territories and the Inuit. The Inuit have been bargaining for in Ottawa—and what Berger recommended—was a settlement of land claims before any pipeline is started, with the native people exercising control over exploration and development and over land use.

The land claims debate began in earnest in 1970 when Imperial Oil discovered oil at Athabasca in the Mackenzie Delta. There were a number of organizations in the Northwest Territories and came the first to be formed, originally an Inuit group, the Inuit Association. It was a group of Inuit who were living on the land and a good thing, it would be to the "community."

The south's attempts to tame the frontier, as Berger's eloquently documents, have had devastating consequences on the homeland. In the case of Inuit around Great Bear, dates back some 30,000 years. An Inuit child has been found upon the people of the Inuit and what they want is a settlement laying the ground for self-determination. The alternative, as Berger says, "A real possibility of civil disobedience and civil disorder."

ROBERT LEWIS

But later in the week, he performed as a short-termer and voted with the Liberals against an open house hearing. Berger's 10-page conclusion as a pipeline construction. Some members of CAGL's caucus, it seems, are still pro-CAGL. Although government spokesmen passed the report in public through printed words ("a eloquent masterpiece," Energy Minister Antonio Guterres called it), in

private they were highly critical. They said Berger had exceeded his mandate—he was supposed only to recommend “access and control” for building a pipeline—and, in so doing, had undermined the government’s position. One senior energy department official called the report “vicious” and said Berger should be impeached. In the North, feelings were even stronger among the whites and natives who favor a pipeline. They felt they had been deceived by Berger and complained loudly. David Scarfe, a prominent Yellowknife lawyer and Speaker of the Council of the Northwest Territories, called Berger “a fucking traitor” and said his report was the result of “a socialist conspiracy.” The national union-owned *Woods* magazine, a publication in the Mackenzie Valley district to prove that a majority of northerners, whites and natives, want a pipeline.

But if the Mackenzie Valley pipeline is to be approved, the initiative will have to come from CAGRI, the powerful consortium that has put more than five years and \$140 million into planning the project. Its key officers, men like William Wilkie, its president, Ray Davis, Executive Vice President, will be lobbying cabinet members and other political allies in the coming months. There may also be an advertising campaign aimed at convincing the Canadian public that access is in their best interest. In particular, a leading member of the consortium, placed ad backing access in *Macdonald's Saturday Night* and *Time* in May and might repeat them.

The other side will be active, too. Football plans to talk to the single state with its own president, Roy Blount, leading the way. The conservative and environmentalist groups, with support from the churches, plan a massive letter-writing campaign aimed at Prime Minister Mulroney. They will also be active in the media, attacking him and the credibility of his report. But that is highly unlikely and his present plans are to spend the summer traveling in place in Vancouver before announcing the benefits of the pipeline. He is also a proponent of the pipeline and will raise with a 15% and added “I have 31 years to serve on the bench. I expect to put those off.” Of his report, he said “It may be that the government of Canada will decide that, in the national interest, the Arctic Gas (CAGRI) pipeline should be built. That is parliament’s prerogative and the government’s prerogative. The job of an adviser is not make recommendations. But I want there to be a decision on the project.” The decision will be made by a newly formed cabinet committee, chaired by government House Leader Allan Rock, which includes Gidycz, Mulroney, Chisholm, Allan Rock, Environment Minister Claudio Laroque, Energy Minister Martin Don Jamieson, and Jack Hawes, minister without portfolio. In the final days of its deliberations, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau himself may take the chair.

Reporting to the cabinet committee is



Berger visiting with residents of a community in the Mackenzie Inuvik or perhaps?

and another committee made up of civil servants and chaired by Basil Robinson, former deputy minister of natural affairs and now co-chairman of northern pipeline. This group includes the deputy minister of finance, energy, environment, and Indian affairs. Chisholm and Horner are both considered pro-CAGRI, but are now keeping their thoughts very much to themselves. Trade is also an unknown quantity.

But it is probably safe to say that the Arctic gas proposal, which would bring the Mackenzie gas through Alaska and the southern Yukon along the Alaska Highway and then to points south, now is the favorite. It offers a neat compromise for the southeast—a pipeline that avoids the ecologically fragile Mackenzie Delta and the north coast of the Yukon. Four days after the Berger report was released, *Globe and Mail* up for the Yukon to look over the route and was favorably impressed.

But the Arctic pipeline has its own problems, not the least of which is that it will not bring out any of the Canadian gas that is the Mackenzie Delta. But Bill of Fossil fuels argues that Canada does not need that gas right away and when there is a need, a separate pipeline could be built down the Mackenzie Valley or the Dempster Highway at the Yukon to connect with the Arctic pipeline. CAGRI, not to argue that Canada needed the gas and the source of the heat. But there now are reserves of 59 trillion cubic feet of natural gas in western Canada, enough to supply Canadian needs for the next 25 years. In the Mackenzie Delta, fewer than five trillion cubic feet of gas have been proven.

However, the court, proposed to fit

been dead. I still see it and it's back to the government, particularly in the energy department, and it is waiting on two more reports due this summer, to evenhandedly Berger. One is the report of the National Energy Board, which is charged with determining whether a pipeline is in the public interest and it is thought to be pro-CAGRI, and its report, expected July 1, would reflect that. The other is the report of an inquiry into the Arctic pipeline set up in April. A new Berger inquiry under the guidance of Ken Lytle, dean of law at the University of British Columbia and a former adviser to native groups, the Arctic probe could be put in critical of the Fossil fuels program. Berger was of course, but, whether Berger had three years to complete his report, Lytle will have just three months, his deadline is August 1.

Why the rush? Trudeau, promised U.S. President Jimmy Carter a decision by September 1 during his February visit to Washington because, unlike Canada, the United States needs the gas now and Carter must make his selection of a route this year. In the midwestern United States last winter, December and January had to be shut down because of a gas shortage. Remembered Berger “The risk is in Canada, not in the U.S. as the United States.” But Trudeau denies that he has pressure to U.S. private or pressure to a quick decision across that, while the United States would prefer a pipeline built through Canada because it is cheaper, it is perfectly willing to build a pipeline across Alaska and then to supply the gas for shipment by tanker if it has to. Lytle said, “If we don't make up our minds, the Americans will go ahead and we will not have a pipeline. We should not let others make decisions for us and that's why I am putting on very great pressure to reach a decision.” Indeed, there is a well-known belief in official Washington that Trudeau and Carter have already agreed on a Canadian route.

So, it appears Canada is going to get a pipeline. The question is which one? The betting now is on Arctic. (AP/WIDEWORLD)

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Remember how the great unexpected things you

Pipeline Yes: today's delay only means tomorrow's crisis

Column by Donald Mackay

The dilemma posed by the Mackenzie Valley natural gas pipeline is similar to that faced by the motorist almost out of gas on a lonely road. He has to get to his destination but he cannot be his gasoline for only 30 miles. The next gas station is about 50 miles ahead, but he passed one 40 miles back which is probably (but not definitely) still open. The dilemma is that of completing a journey by selecting the best of several unimproved options in the face of uncertainty. Alternatively his judgment is subjective, enhanced, it is to be hoped, by the available facts and probabilities.

In the pipeline controversy the unimproved is that of averting an energy crisis. Several energy supply options exist, all with a certain risk and all with environmental, social and political disadvantages. One of these, the Arctic Gas pipeline, although easy to initiate, is in my view the best (or least worst) option available.

The renowned 1976 federal report, *An Energy Strategy For Canada*, shows that by 1985 Canada's domestic demand for energy will exceed domestic supply by 35 to 245. This shortfall must be made up by imported oil with its attendant political and price uncertainties. The best options for closing the gap are coal and frontier oil and gas. Coal supplies seem unlikely to increase dramatically and oil finds have been disappointing. There is thus a strong case for developing gas supply from existing production areas which will fall below domestic demand in eight to 11 years, depending on the forecasters' opinions. The inescapable fact is that Canadian consumers will then need gas from frontier areas. Gas cannot be mined to the public. As no restrictions come to reduce or shut off accidental supplies safely, the shortfall must fall on industry, and repercussions will be felt in consumer prices at stations and in our environmental performance.

Thus a compelling argument for exploitation of Mackenzie Delta gas deposits is inevitable. The issue is not "if" but "when" the pipeline will be built. To date, most gas has been obtained from the western provinces, but production rates there will soon start falling. Geological speculation suggests that the most promising unexplored sedimentary basins are in the Mackenzie-Benfield-Santa area, the Arctic Islands and off the East Coast.

It seems logical to exploit these basins in sequence with the order determined by proximity, technical and economic feasibility, and proven reserves. Exploration results suggest that the East Coast is the least attractive of the three. The Arctic Islands show considerable promise, but the earliest that the Polar Gas pipeline could be operational is believed to be 1985. The most attractive is clearly the Mackenzie Delta, which has the immediate advantage of being on the route from the proven reserves at Prudhoe Bay, Alaska, to the southern United States. A Mackenzie Valley pipeline transporting this U.S. gas provides us as Canadians with access to our frontier gas which

can "puffback" on the U.S. gas. It is this geographical accident that explains why the Arctic Gas consortium wants to construct a pipeline as soon as it is approved. Although the proved reserves of gas in the Mackenzie Delta are still relatively small and represent only a few years' domestic consumption, they are larger than any other new energy source exploitable in the near future.

The government has several options. It could accept the Arctic Gas proposal now. It could wait and hope for more gas finds and approve a Canadian-only pipeline. It could delay the decision indefinitely. Delay probably implies U.S. acceptance of the El Paso route across Alaska, or the Alcan route along the Alaskan Highway. Delay may imply waiting for gas from the Arctic Islands, or even the East Coast.

There is rightly concern about the environmental impact of the pipeline. In response to this concern Arctic Gas has taken unprecedented measures to ensure and maximize environmental impact. The in-lieu fee deals with the ecological expense costs to construct the pipeline in a environmentally acceptable manner. The problem is not "can it be done?" but "will it be done?"

A pipeline would bring employment and new economic and social opportunities, especially to a rapidly growing, sparsely settled area in the North. The challenge is to ensure that the native peoples can choose between the traditional life on the land and the comfort of wage earning employment. For many, the controversy sits mainly between the land claims issue. There is a growing consensus that this issue must be settled prior to pipeline approval and construction. To allow pipeline construction to emerge in the symbolic (or actual) background over the land claims issue would be disastrous.

Setting gas exports immediately as a means of avoiding the need for a pipeline seems attractive at first sight, especially in northern, sparsely settled areas. But any decision to break export contracts would cause considerable disruption in the United States. Would cause economic hardship in the Canadian gas industry, deprive Canada of the associated pipeline and water balance of payments problems, discourage exploration in the North and yet only marginally delay the total energy shortfall.

The prospect of tapping the Arctic Gas proposal only at a later date than an all-Canadian pipeline is not feasible because of capital cost or proved reserve considerations would be huge.

Although the Arctic Gas pipeline has advantages, it's the best option available. To state that it cannot be approved, without offering an alternative solution to the energy problem, is in the best sense and in the worst sense irresponsible.

Donald Mackay is a senior director of the Institute for Environmental Studies and professor of chemical engineering, University of Toronto.



Pipeline No: better we make the best of what we've got

Column by Ian McDougall

The Mackenzie Valley pipeline is Canada's most significant resource decision of this generation, if not the century. Never has a more costly or complicated project been advanced, never one potentially more dangerous in terms of the well-being of the economy, federal-provincial relations, the delicate northern ecology, and our national sovereignty. Yet available information about the project is sketchy, jargon-laden and often contradictory.

Present Canadian federal involvement can realistically only be summed up as "let us put 'yes' in government. It should stay as a statement of intent rather than consensus—in that our regulators can impartially decide whether a gas line up the Mackenzie is in the best interests of the public, trust that both government and media will keep an informed eye of the risks involved, trust that the evidence will be considered before the final decision is reached. This is a tall order. On the basis of history there is little reason for confidence that the broader public interest prevails.

The National Energy Board is our main regulatory agency in this case. But for its appalling record of the value of our oil and gas and supplies of natural gas, which it habitually over-committed to the U.S. import markets in bargain basement prices, it wouldn't be entertaining applications for a Mackenzie gas line for another two or three decades. It is now sitting on its own mistake. Ironically the idea has already publicly committed that Canada must develop the frontier. It has also rejected a previous repatriation of enormous volumes of cheap Alberta gas slated for California.

The success of one of the present Mackenzie pipeline applications would seem assured. Furthermore, the board is too busy. Since when is it in the public interest that a decision be reached in advance of all of the material evidence? And the federal government? How successful were they in protecting the national interest in respect to the Columbia River Treaty, the Churchill-Keeyan power dispute, the James Bay development, and the massive gas and oil export since the 1950s? The major beneficiaries from these undertakings have not been Canadian. At the same time, who has obtained cheap gas, water and power in return, they exported to Canada heavy metals, highland landscapes, high costs and environmental shortages.

The Mackenzie Valley pipeline rides the crest of a long history. Under the guise of a "Canada oil policy" it requires development, just as our export federal government has permitted the alienation of every major power and fuel reserve within continental reach of the American border. The oil-motivated "continental energy package" is today a full-blown reality. All of the infrastructure—the pipelines, pipelines, transportation ways, and so on—being constructed at about the same time that the government was vehemently contradicting that Can-

adians would never agree. Who ever believed?

Over and over again we have been treated to one cheap and secure supplies of gas were licensed for sale to the United States, leaving Canadian consumers to rely on a host of costly and as yet nonexistent gas from the high Arctic. We watched as the government of Canada refused to use its statutory power to divert gas slated for the United States to gas hungry Canadian consumers. We watch now as it evolves new phases of energy policy that conform to the demands of the subsidiary corporations of U.S. oilfield interests. For example, since when did it begin to make sense that consumers pay for expensive Canadian gas at a price with the world price of oil by an international cartel? If we approve a 48-inch diameter Mackenzie gas pipeline as proposed by Canadian Arctic Gas, a U.S. downstream consortium, we will commit the country to what may eventually amount to a \$15-billion investment which direct, indirect and inflationary costs are considered. We will guarantee a national and international record that will forever alter the way energy, gas, oil and minerals are marketed to the highest natural gas prices in the history of man. We will create an imbalance in our international capital accounts. We will create substantial labor and raw material imbalances. For all of this and more we will give access to a new market for one of our expensive gas several years before we need it.

The Mackenzie Valley pipeline will not provide Canada with long-term gas supplies. In effect, it will ultimately be to allow the United States to move American gas from Alaska to American consumers.

In my view, we have only two alternatives. We can rely upon the usual delusions of abundance and keep on approving new projects and use only resources are exhausted in favor of the United States. (This strategy should carry us for about another decade if we are fortunate.) Or we can only on planning instead of their province, and in particular maximize the rate of development of new frontier resources by reducing existing supplies to Canadian needs, ensuring that the country's energy needs are being met by the domestic capital necessary for the development of these supplies.

In short, instead of a "develop, export, and develop" energy policy we should "reproduce, protect and conserve" our remaining energy budget. The obvious implication is that we should not risk our energy needs on just one of our energy plans. They will have to include "contingency" ideas, to reform the National Energy Board, to reform, close and for all, that our domestic water fuel needs have a higher claim on Canadian gas than do California oil conditions.

Ian McDougall is a professor of civil and geological engineering at the University of Toronto.

Cape Breton Blues

The steel mill giveth, the steel mill taketh away

By Ralph Surette

Especially do we thank thee, O Lord, for the God of Canada, thy known body of water that separates us from the wilderness that lies on the other side thereof.—Cape Breton prayer, 18th century

It starts at the Strait of Canso, the intricate beauty of the Maritimes runs into the hills, intensifies, becomes grand, becomes something else. Becomes Cape Breton. Here the prayer changes too. It becomes fierce, more colloquial, defiant of the outside world—a bubble of identity on the pale cultural face of English Canada. But it is ambiguous too, suffering the attraction of highland and shores and the mysticism of oceanic birthright, the security of home truths and the line of coastal remoteness.

Cape Breton defines itself against two points in the outside world. One is fixed. It is Halifax, the ancient, dynamic, historic focus, seat of dispersed "mainland whited" toward Cape Breton. The other point moves. It is a place of temporary economic refuge. For a century it was the "Union Station" then and recently it was Ontario. Now it is Alberta.

For Billy Joe MacLean it's Alberta with a vengeance. MacLean is mayor of Port Hawkesbury, the first town off the Canso Causeway which links Cape Breton to the mainland. His name, Barbara MacLean, 39, was resident in Calgary in February. "Such a pretty thing, just five-foursome. They smashed her face and strangled her." The idea had in a fading effort to understand this wilderness beyond the West. "I

can't say I think much of Calgary," he says. His society left for Port McHenry earlier, following the collapse of young Cape Bretoners in unemployment. It is an official rate of 16.95 for the island in February and a real rate of anywhere up to 30%. Statistics Canada doesn't count those who have given up looking for work. Some 14,445 people at a work force of 50,000 were claiming unemployment insurance in February.

There are no statistics on the migration, but everyone has stories about someone who has left. "Recently 35 young boys and girls left from Inverness," says MacLean. "Sweet young people left from here in one week alone." Most of them will only be there as long as they have to. "I receive



A Syco steel furnace (above) and the Cabot Trail (below) Cape Bretoners may go down the road, but their hearts don't.

an letter a week here from Cape Bretoners in Alberta asking for work. They'd come back right away if they could. Nearly five percent will come back." MacLean speaks of Alberta with sorrow, of Halifax with anger. He is describing his frustration with Halifax bureaucracy. His data come over his head, a scowling white, handsome face red behind a greyish goatee. "You feel like grabbing the guy and shaking him and saying 'Hey, don't shut me in for the next 50 years'."

His town is a handsome and pleasing anomaly. It sits on a four-lane highway with schools, colonial centre, shopping centres, water and sewer systems intended to serve a population of 30,000. Instead it has 3,000 people and a \$175-million debt. Provincial politicians used to dream of confederate infrastructure on the Strait of Canso industrial strip and urged the town to build for the population influx. The industrialists came, beyond the pulp mill, oil refinery, heavy water plant and a few more installations which already existed. Every year MacLean has to drag his cronies to Halifax and beg for money to pay the town's debt. After a struggle, Halifax eventually coughs up—but never enough to keep Port Hawkesbury from losing what MacLean says is the highest tax rate east of Montreal.

At least, he points out with challenge in tone, there is little unemployment within the town limits. "Anybody who's unemployed moves out immediately. I'm paying \$800 a tax on my house, the guy down the road pays \$700. Over in the county, the

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next year again. You can see the importance of that. The steel plant was made before the time, in the hinterland, where it was a small town, a village, where fishing and tourism came down, on a village along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, along the Gulf of Mexico and on the highland front. These are places where the cultural difference, anomalies in the media waves and influence of the outside world do not behind the hills. Such places as Dordrecht, Gloucester Mills, Loch Lomond, Fort Knox or Fort where Quebec is still spoken and where post offices are sometimes marked Post Office/Township/Liberalism/Service de Poste.

The steel and the interior are the foot and the heart of Cape Breton, but to reach its brain one must leave all thoughts of beauty behind and become resigned to singular ugliness. This is industrial Cape Breton, dominated by the steel mill in Sydney, a mile-long, fire-belching dragon of metal and slag which seems designed by the Northern Gales to shock the imagination. It is industrial Cape Breton, central industrial and to control the province. The mill is owned by the provincial Crown corporation—Sydney, the Sydney Steel Corporation—which at \$220 million in debt and expected to lose another \$40 million in the 1996-97 fiscal year. Its employees are far from its control and its workforce. Only two of them opened all winter because of depressed world markets for steel. Layoffs have left its workers at 2,183 men, down from more than 4,000 in 1974.

The provincial government had hoped that the problem would be solved with a new mill in Gaboron 25 miles from Sydney on the Atlantic shore which would have produced transformed steel for European partners. Syco would have been integrated into the new operation and the growing problem of Cape Breton steel would have been solved. A decision by the European commission on whether to go ahead was to be made next fall. But a data-gathering by Premier Donald Ross in April in work in Antwerp in March and found that to be out of the question. With some 40% of the world's steelmaking capacity idle, the decision will be made in about three years, if ever.

That leaves Syco a more painful state than ever. A half-finished renovation job which cost \$150 million was left in shambles a couple of years ago when the consuming steel of Gaboron emerged in steel would cost as much as \$150 million to \$300 million to finish the job with new basic oxygen furnaces to replace the old open hearth ones and per Syco—perhaps on an economic footing. Ferrocil and Syco officials are now hunkering down to devise a plan by the fall that will, they hope, save steel in Sydney—probably with federal money. Tom Kent, Syco's president, says the company has to find new markets for steel. The mill's main product (it produces all of steel) and has to make an integrated steel company somewhat—perhaps—



MacLean has Lévesque get a better idea?

willing to take on Syco as its permanent supplier of steelmaking steel products. Kent is hopeful that this is possible—since many businessmen around the world are finding it difficult to expand in congested urban areas. "That's the kind of thing we have no choice," he says. "If not, we have to consider the steel industry, that there will be no real capacity in Cape Breton with all the devastating effect that will have on the economy."

Sydney talks of Syco closing the way the rest of the world of steel is very little. It is simply not feasible. Nearly Sydney's entire economy is based on steel. Sydney's steel industry is not even a possibility of successfully taking it. "Able to 30 years old and steel in Sydney was never supposed to be going anywhere but down, my friend," says MacLean. MacLean MacNeil, holding forth at the Steel City Tavern. "That's all I have." If steel could ever be Black Friday—October 13, 1987, when the Dominion Steel and Coal Corp. collapsed—in a crisis of confidence, he says. After a few hours' trading, the province took over the mill in 1988.

Steelworker Wayne Adams tries to explain Syco's machine to a steel. "The way people around here figure, if they close the thing down they'll have to pay us without all the steel. We won't lose it." His brother's in Alberta "but he's coming back if he can find a job here he'll stay."

Mike Christ is a 37-year-old father of two and has been laid off from the steel plant. "We're scared that it will close," he admits in an indistinct whisper. "My father's been there 35 years and my mother's scared off. We all are." He's going to Alberta this summer when his unemployment money runs out. But he's not going to like it any more than he liked Ontario when he was there. "Ontario—locked—locked—amph, some hell!" in the world "Christ is a typical denier of industrial Cape Breton. Everybody makes a point to stand on their independence, their individualism even the worst. But independence has important limits. I can fight, I'm not scared of anybody," says Christ. "But I feel my businessmen and that are doing on it and there's nothing I can do about it."

"There's a colonialism coming here," says Patrick Deane, an industrial worker at the Cape Breton Post. "People have been in this system so long the only way of fighting the system is to get as much out of it as possible. It's true that people cling together and fight back on virtually any issue, especially steel. But I don't see the ability to sustain the steel and the steel of an organization for long-term battle." Deane, who fled the U.S. when his first wife was pregnant, says he's seen "Anyone who has any skill at all can go elsewhere and make more money, so far those who stay money can't be the main motivation. What is their main motivation is a heritage, environment, the

pull of home, that web of interrelationships called culture." There's a very old fish-wood flavor to life here that appeals to people. Deane says "I've never lived in a place where there's no conscious effort over heritage—these Cape Breton people. Also, their environment. Even people who work in the steel industry are appreciative of the fact that they live near an unspoiled natural area. It's home to them—home is every sense of the word, in the full ancestral and cultural sense." He adds that 50% of the last place in North America where you can raise kids without the kind of fear that exists elsewhere. Here in the biggest city in Cape Breton you can send your 17-year-



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old daughter to the same move as I did at 18, without any uncertainty whatsoever. They're not slackers, they just don't consider their employment as the be-all and end-all of their existence. It's a spare I'd give, really."

To enter the steel mill with an *Indiana Jones* light, its miles of lava, its heat and concrete (some dating back to the last century when this was the first integrated steel and steel mill in Canada) with the overwhelming presence of height and solidity is to enter the spirit of industrial Cape Breton the way the Black Forest evokes Gothic. The steel mill seems to say exactly what the people say in the towns: its own existence is inconceivable.

Inconceivable, but there's a link, says Father Gregory MacLeod, a philosophy professor at the College of Cape Breton and a prominent Cape Breton nationalist. This link is a "natural attitude" which says that steel-making—if not all Cape Breton—is an upon knowledge in the role who should not be understood. Every now and then a prominent manufacturer—although rarely a politician—stands up and says that if steel can't pay its way it should be shut down. The last to say this was Senator Henry Hicks, president of Dalhousie University and a former Nova Scotia premier as a federalist speech in January. He was hit immediately with a barrage of angry criticism from Cape Breton. "Active politicians in Nova Scotia are always afraid to speak out about Cape Breton because of the election," says Hicks. "But the question is, how long can we afford to support Scotia?"

The kind of talk makes Father MacLeod and Halifax, with its federal and provincial bureaucracies, its universities and social bases "a 90% on the dole." Scotia loses 120 million and it's a awful thing. At least, here we produced something. The fact that such calls are made in the name of free enterprise also means that industrial Cape Breton says socialist, he says. The idea is to use and use as we can see.

Father MacLeod wants Halifax planners and academics who make economic calculations for Cape Breton "without understanding the role of culture and tradition." His argument sounds like Quebec's music with English Canada. "Of course I'm very sympathetic to Quebec," says his colleague, college architect Bob Morgan, makes it even clearer. "When I go to Halifax it makes me appreciate what Quebecers feel like in English Canada. Halifax is English and it's Protestant. You can feel it. The way they behave, the way they talk to each other." Cape Breton's 175,000 people are 60% Scots Catholic, 20% Scots Presbyterian, 10% Anglican and about 10% Muslim. You can get punched in the mouth for wanting too strongly that Cape Breton is "English."

Some are local nationalists but admit the problem. Like Jim Ryan, president of the local of the United Steelworkers of America. The Cape Breton- versus- mainland



Derek: stranger in liquidified paradise

business "is usually brought up for political purposes" by the press. "I have one idea: say Ryan could use the election as the catalyst by promising to put the god lock on Scotia." Not M.A. Pasi MacLeod, he's not a serious politician of Cape Breton's integrity, current leaders don't breathe so much as a statement. "We're part of Nova Scotia. You can't play off one part of the province against the other. All parts are interdependent. We're Nova Scotia."

Down the highway from Scotia's no domain is another starkly different significant Cape Breton institution. This is Devco (the Cape Breton Development Corporation, housed in Sydney's only high-rise building)—an 18-story structure that built itself—as a concrete indicator of this body's diverse energies which encompass importing and brokering sheep and cattle, marine farming, building and operating steel, restaurants, a golf course and other tourist attractions, and a temporary and working mill.

Most of all Devco means coal. "So you see," says Tom Kent (Devco president) until he jumped to Scotia in February. "Devco was in the same sort of a position as Scotia's at now. The idea was that coal would be phased out." The idea was set up by the federal government as a result of a 1966 report that recommended closing the mines and finding alternate employment for the miners. Devco got to work trying to attract industry in the style prevalent in the time. The result was a series of spectacular failures. Matamoras-style, an American car-petroleum worked in and out with non-burning effect. The philosophy was then changed to smaller scale development "with a relationship to either the local market, a local skill or a local resource," says David Miller, vice-president of industrial development. Also, says Kent, "before the Arabs started the boycott we made the decision that the kind of coal was over." A \$125-million coal purification plant was built and coal was on its way. Two new mines have been opened and production is steadily improving. Devco employs a local



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of nearly 4,000 in its making operations. It is the largest employer in Cape Breton with more at Lunenburg, Pictou, Acadia and Glace Bay.

But coal isn't king yet. The mines lost \$15 million last year, and could lose more this year because of technical problems. Yet, says John Dodge, head of marketing, the debt is being retired and the breakeven point is in sight. Kinnear says the pithead was back on its feet and he wanted a new challenge. Steel is it. If Spawco makes it the way coal appears to have, Kinnear could become the first breakeven owner here since Lord Sydney.

Devo is a non-bureaucracy. It fits

Cape Breton like a glove. David Newton, head of the primary production section, owns an old jeep with three bags of feed in the back. He's off to Point Edward, across the harbor from Sydney, where Devo's 10-day course on sheep breeding is on. Point Edward is Cape Breton's only industrial park, a cluster of World War Two-era buildings which housed the dozen different industries of Devo's early days. A 300-foot-long wooden building that was 20 years ago housed a Type is successfully placed now has 1,300 imported sheep in quarantine. Newton is ebullient: Devo has lots of ground to rent out as gardens at a cheap rate—cheaper for pennies—

and they're all taken up, it has gone overseas on the go, it has 10 men clearing land for cattle—a program to get them off the welfare rolls and have them quickly again for unemployment insurance ("we could have done it cheaper by building"), a Devo official admits, and it has plans, plans, plans. Devo usually admits that ideas from the public—anyone with an idea on how to grow a better tomato, bring in extra back out of a tourist, make an oyster hatch, will get a hearing.

Then there are the Americans. Up until 1978, the islands and parts of the Bras d'Or lakes were the primary points of American land purchases, generating tremendous controversy and resentment. That wave of take-overs has cooled and now that the area has cleared what remains is remarkable in many ways. Americans emerging at Cape Breton parties out to save the lifestyle, the environment and the culture before it goes the way of Manhattan Island. Then an American taking means, meaning, really, not doing anything that can be considered Cape Breton's Majors, a publication devoted to the lore and tradition of the island, was started by an American expatriate, Ron Caplan, at Wind Cove.

There are other positive indicators, too. The Glace Bay heavy water plant, the \$120-million asbestos plant being around Robert Stanfield's neck when he was premier, has been rebuilt by Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. for another \$120 million and started functioning last summer. That is if nothing else, a symbolic breakthrough. The first time it was built, in the 1960s, salt water was left in reservoirs after a test run and it corroded into ordnance. Some 300 jobs have been created there (two of Canada's three heavy water plants are in Cape Breton; the other is at the Strait of Canso).

Yet there's always that danger of misfortune which haunts the body conscious of Cape Breton. This past winter the pretty evergreen hills looked unusually translucent. The rich bouquet of spruce cones was not there. The spruce budworm is rampant. After enormous controversy this year, the local and nearby public pressure, the province handed down a request by the pulp mill at the Strait of Canso to spray the forest with chemicals.

There's a much sadder lining to that. There will be little else intended in an extensive harvesting program the province is organizing. But Brian Norrish, an instructor at Devo's sheep-breeding course, has a better idea. If the budworm kills the forest, the new growth will become sheep browse, he says, with impressive glee. Not only that but—and he's almost dancing now—a coyote was trapped on the mainland this winter after invading sheep-free "Coyotes are taking over: North America. But remember, Cape Breton's an island. No coyotes here."

Cape Breton may be in bad economic shape, but there are still some options around. ☐

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Doctor of languages

Camille Laurin's 'radical treatment'

By Graham Fraser



Camille Laurin was watching in a corner of a church hall in eastern Montreal. It was the end of a long day, a day of speeches, responses, endless questions. It was a month since he had survived his dramatic wheeze paper on language and lost then a week since Bill Dine had been tabled in the National Assembly. Although he had had only three hours sleep the night before, he looked no worse than usual and much louder than he showed when his press secretary Michael McAndrew, doing his best to get the day over with, began to move Laurin out to the waiting limousine and commiserated: "You know, they say the K-Tel is coming out with a new record? And, attacking the racists side." Now, 30 great speeches by Doctor Laurin's throat cracked open for several seconds, he howled with laughter and actually slumped his thigh on another chair as inconspicuous as the idea of the record.

Since the explosive white paper came out April 1 On Canada Laurin, the Minister of State for Cultural Development in the Parti Quebecois government and the man responsible for the policy and the bill has been a study in serenity and calm, explaining, stating, quipping, rights, other than on paper or from the speaker. Then the emotion erupts: answering and describing—the words all coming in on almost hypnotic monotone with the more composure of a Zen master explaining his teaching. The nationalist group, Greek parents, English francophones, radio, hot-line, academics, Ukrainian, Chinese. Raising questions and French business groups brought occasional differences in emphasis, but always the same message. It is a message that comes from an old tradition of Quebec, monolingualism and is the root of the Parti Quebecois. French Canada is a nation and its territory is Que-

bec. Like other nations it has a national language. French. For generations, he mentions, the French have been excluded from positions of power in the Quebec business community and English has been not only the language of work but the language of signs, advertisements and business. Francophones have quickly grasped this reality and have learned English instead of French. Laurin notes the will change themselves. Quebec will become as French as Ontario or English. At the same time, like any nation, he says, Quebec will be governed, first and above to its members. It will guarantee for the English the preservation of schools, hospitals and the right to address the government, the courts and the National Assembly in English and will encourage the other groups to maintain their own culture.

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old psychiatrist has repeated that basic explanation again and again. The reaction has, he observed, been a great deal about the claim of mutual incomprehension that divides French and English in Quebec. With some exceptions, the French have seen the policy as an arbitrary protection of their language rights and guarantees in an instrument of the English and ethnic minorities. After almost every speech Laurin has made in French, someone has shaken his head, murmured in the fact he hasn't lost his temper, and cried out to carry on his mission. The English, on the other hand (although reacting more moderately than they did to Bill 21) have seen the policy as discriminatory, intolerant, authoritarian, petty, inward-looking, stupid and unnecessary. Laurin's failed strategy seems to them to be in a word, stupid.

One of his aides inadvertently put his finger on what unnerves many of Laurin's non-French Canadian listeners, when he described how Laurin's psychiatric arm's reg leads him to explain the reason behind an emotional reaction. "He doesn't get emotionally involved; it's a way of dominating people and controlling" his conception slipped only once to Pierre McLaurin, president of the Royal Bank, had told a Quebecois businessman's group in English that if the bank's head



Laurin facing Montreal's Greek: looking sorry, but still carrying the big stick

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office was not allowed to function in English it would move. If this happened McLaurin argued, Quebec would lose the \$250 million in economic activity that is generated directly or indirectly by the head office.

It was not a politic speech. After 32 years in Montreal, McLaurin was a viable even to read a speech in French and the record of his book in playing francophones to decision-making positions was, to say the least, mixed. When, with Lafleur, the Royal Bank announced in February that it was transferring 100 head-office jobs to Toronto, it turned out that only four of the 100 jobs were held by francophones. As Laurin admitted later, he was angry—the very ground here. Although his tone of voice did not change, his words were harsh. He found McLaurin's position "a bit humiliating, a little embarrassing, as if we were inferior specimens of humanity".

People who know Laurin were not surprised. Guy Rocher, a sociologist who worked on the white paper and has known Laurin since childhood, commented: "You know, Camille Laurin comes from a very modern family—there is that in common between him and Lévesque. They both have a great respect for ordinary people, regardless of their ethnic background. They will do everything to make sure they're not pushed around." He praised, "But the big risk bankers using their money to try to put the government in its place—they are going to get it. It won't be the likes of them that gets the government to change its mind."

While Laurin shared that popular reflex with Lévesque, it has become clear that their perceptions of the language issue—and in some ways, their vision of Quebec—



McLaurin: If Laurin kept an 'openness list,' his name would be checked in red

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are very different. As one party strategist who knows both men states, "Laurie is a union-petty nationalist and Leane is a traditional nationalist. Laurie often refers to history. Laurie never does that. He looks so Scandinavian or like United States for his example."

Thus, speaking to the traditionally nationalist Société Saint-Jean Baptiste right after Bill C-94 was tabled, Laurie sounded and looked almost like a party pre-emptor and self-spoken in his dark suit with his jet-black hair. But Laurie crossed and lead saying that he was not offended by the charge that the bill was ethnicist. "Far from feeling that to be a reproach, or blame, it is, in fact, an achievement. For divisions are based on ethnicism, the Greek nation, the German nation, the Italian nation." If Laurie agrees with the dictionary, then little wonder that some English Quebecers are concerned. What is the ethnic enhancement, or "having race as a central interest, characterized by or based on the attitude that one's own group is superior."

Laurie was once called "the most reassuring" of the Parti Quebecois members at the National Assembly when he was House Leader of the opposition in 1979. But he was also Laurie who years ago wrote that "it's a question of looking for ground. Our population has its national leaders here in the province. Let these understand the needs, take the initiative of social reforms, assume the direction which are needed, and they will be followed. Our French and Celtic character will be safeguarded much more surely by these than by the great preaching of principles, warnings and useful complaints." That was in 1947 when Laurie was director of *Le Quebecois*, the modern newspaper at the University of Montreal. Now 50 years later, he is the man responsible for a white paper that spoke of a "renewed" rather than of "taking for granted," declared that "correct rules are necessary" although the constitution of the world in the English text was "comparative" and had not assumed that many non-Quebecers would not be able to read it.

Despite the stern public image, his language, proposals have given him in some quarters, those who know Laurie speak of his subtle and self-deprecating sense of humor. Married since 1950 to a talented professional, Patricia, Laurie, Leane, and the father of two daughters, he himself is a lover of music and opera and sings classical songs.

Among party members and, since the 1978 November election victory, among civil servants, Laurie has also acquired a reputation for being a man who does his homework. "He is our master, and I can tell you that it is not true of everyone who has read all of every document he has given him," said a senior official. "He really knows the language question."

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This is probably one reason Lussier just isn't the job. Two other factors may have been just as important. Lussier is known as a militant in whom *L'Espresso* press took trust and he is a man with no cousins in the party. Known in the press as "Le Duc" (he is related with a respect-varying increase).

Camille Lussier grew up in a village east of Montreal, the son of a businessman, and attended a classical college where school friends will remember his outstanding voice as a boy soprano. He then went on to the University of Montreal to study medicine. As a medical student, Lussier was known for his tendency to take life seriously. "I wrote a fellow student in the campus newspaper," *"Societally coming into the newsworld, I find Camille Lussier deep in meditation. It is the moment when programs for the future grow in the great mind, where plans are laid out for the great community, whose potentials would be lost,"* Camille Lussier, experienced, versed, dispenser of social reforms and gestures largesse.

In 1948, Lussier went to Geneva to succeed General Perleux (later Pierre Trudeau's Secretary of State) as administrative secretary of International University. He read, then studied psychology in Paris and Berlin before returning to Montreal in 1958. From there until his first election as mayor in 1970, he worked at a Montreal's Albert Frenkel Psychiatric Institute and taught at the U of M while campaigning for reform in Quebec's mental health care system. In the early 1960s, for example, Lussier wrote a pamphlet to a report released by the *Comité de la Santé (The Modern Division For Me)*, an expert that sparked a royal commission inquiry into Montreal's closed and isolated hospital St. Jean de Dieu.

Lussier served in municipal Quebec politics during the late 1960s when he joined the *Mouvement Souverainiste Association*, the group René Lévesque formed after leaving the Quebec Liberal Party and that later merged with another party to form the Parti Québécois. His reasoning to a psychiatrist, he wrote, was that Quebecers suffered from a chronic sense of stagnancy. The typical Quebecer, he declared, felt "incapable of defusing his fears, of confronting the unknown with calm and poise, assuming fully his liberty, his history and his conscience."

Elected in 1970, and named parliamentary leader when Lévesque failed to secure a National Assembly vote, Lussier became known as a moderate and a calming force in an often stormy party. But he took the question of the French language seriously. In 1972, when the Liberal government of Robert Bourassa was slow to act, he presented a private member's bill on language in the same style as a cabinet minister—deposing it with a flourish on the desk's table.

After his key victory on November 15, Lussier was given the task of drawing up a

language policy to replace the Liberal's largely unopposed Bill 22. Lussier made his intentions clear. "We want French to be the only official language of Quebec," he declared. "We want French to become the language of work and communication. We want the entire state to be French. We want everyone to know that French is, once again, useful, profitable and thus, in particular, indispensable to Quebec as French."

It was not the first attempt by a Quebec government to legislate the primacy of French. Various administrations in Quebec City had been wrestling with the issue ever since the Union Nationalist passed Bill 63 giving parents freedom to choose the language of education in 1969. The ensuing angry storm among francophones helped pave the way for the defeat of the Union Nationale in 1970 and the election of Bourassa's Liberals. Yet Bourassa displayed extraordinary language legislation because a special commission, under Jean-Denis Gauthier, in the status of French in Quebec was still deliberating. But during 1970, the General Motors plant at St. Therese had a three-month strike over language and Bourassa "buckled the strikers' demands that French be the language of work. His hardening failure to sway the company from its insistence that conversion to French would lead to unnecessary paper work and translation increased the pressure for language legislation. Since then French has become the language of work in QM.

Then in 1975, the Gauthier commission reported, recommending that French become the language of work, and the Bourassa government subsequently introduced Bill 22, which declared French to be the official language of Quebec, set up provisions for francophones in the business world and stipulated, among other things, that children who could pass a language test, the Bill placed practically no one. The English were heralded in the prospect of any institutions on the English school system. French universities were required that any immigrant or French-Canadian child who could be considered to pass a test could enter the English rather than the French school system.

By the time his term came, Camille Lussier had learned from the Liberal's mistakes. He would not, he decided, wind up like the Liberals being vilified by both sides. His strategy was to assemble a team of five that included the former chairman of the legislative department of both Liberal University and the University of Montreal—Fernand Dumont and Guy Robitaille. Other team were executive assistant Henri Laberge, press attaché and former president Michael Macdonald (a francophone despite his name) and the one-impromptu in the group, Daniel Foyat, an English-born businessman in a consultancy capacity.

The team decided to avoid the pitfalls of Bill 22 as last member explained by "de-

fining very clearly what the objectives of the legislation are." Four principles emerged from which the subsequent white paper flowed. The first principle: "In Quebec, the French language is not merely a means for expression, but a medium for living as well. Second principle: there must be respect for the monolingual, thus language and the other side. Third principle: it is important to learn languages other than French. Fourth principle: the status of the French language in Quebec is a question of social justice."

The most difficult part came in working out criteria for access to English schools. After just 14 drafts of this section passed

between cabinet, a special subcommittee and the staff group. As a cabinet member put it later with a grin: "The problem was that everyone had something—not a few suggestions, but a whole policy he had worked out." In the end, the white paper proved satisfying indeed to Quebecers. On the day after the policy was released, Lussier received a standing ovation from the 19th National Council and a unanimous vote of approval.

Probably the new language section was positively despite the fact that the existing English community will still have more rights than French Canadians in any other province—the right to dual

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The master of Stratford

Robin Phillips does it his way. His way works

By David Cobb

The word on his desk, from a member of the company, was rhetorical with hope and optimism: "Are we going to have a great season?" Is the Pope Catholic?—but Rafael Phillips looked as if he were seeking the link in life's gas pipe with a lighted match. Pouch-eyed and others draped a Florida bobble, suffused with fatigue, a burnt-out catharine wheel, he was enjoying the last few days of luncheon before the company returned in rehearsal for Stratford Festival's twenty-fifth season, opening June 5.

the men who produced the press, which he tends to see as corrupt, irrational, and not generally open to the job of ethics of reporting. He is not revering his schoolmaster. Most of all, he is not revering his country. Most of all, he is not revering the small Tennessee town the company that seems to be making a subsidiary form of drama by getting on Phillips' English nerves. Last night one of his theatre's six directors, in the role of a character, said a performance of Richard Mander's Hamlet by shouting "Richard Mander, you're a bubble!" and "And now here they were again, waiting for the next bubble to pop." He said himself for a federal government job the tone was extremely abusive — as in: "I know, after last year's display, they would not be on Sanford's dancing sheet last year." He said that Phillips was trying to lose above it, and finding it hard. "That's the sort of thing one gets occasionally," he said lightly, and crowded his knuck with his thumb. "I don't mean to say that it is to be avoided."

His job was open for comment and even at its most adverse there's something in Martin Phillips that almost welcomes it. It gets the jabs, ranging—and it enables him to deploy the beleaguered-Robinson one of thirty, since he has to be a brilliant actor, at which he is adept. The 1967-68 season is a dead-end work, but it's a dead-end that is more than third-string. Stranded in pure time it may seem no more, but in achievement—both backstage and on—it stays about a decade of anyone else's life. To put it in perspective: by the end of this summer Phillips will have directed 14 productions in three seasons, in predecessor Jane Gazeau directed 35 in seven seasons (1958-74). Gazeau's predecessor Michael Langham directed 13 in 13 shorter seasons (1955-67).

But the productions are only the most visible part of Phillips' Stratford success. He has had the Festival Theatre's balcony rebuilt, directed a \$165,000 face-lift for the Avon Theatre, a subsidiary house that had

then slowly dying on the festival track, and expanded the Avon's season—once only from March to fall—to full 24-week jinx with the Festival Theatre. On top of that, he decided what the winners in the hot-off-the-press, what-it-ke programs and storylines will be: the design of this year's festival flag, the choice of the business officer, in stock investments he has been known to dash behind the counter in the Festival Theatre's press room and shove the coffee. Since he does all this on a rambling vehicle with a heart attack and a kidney expanse behind him, his energy is soaked on with a kind of horrified awe by the company, especially those who work on the more business-like Queen years. "He makes us work hard, and how he makes it work," says

one actor. "But we damn't say as
cause he always works harder."

In three times that has paid off in two principal ways: the frequency these days bristles with excitement, and that excitement is palpably rubbing off on audiences, many of whom may never have heard of Phillips nor ever care. No matter what one thinks of individual predictions or interpretations, the festival works in a way it hasn't done in 20 years. It means that neither players nor designers know quite what to expect any more, which adds to the good. It means that the new regime has become the focus: from its marbled old dome and port squarely in third place among theatre companies in the English-speaking world, behind Britain's National

and Royal Shakespeare—and in the view of some, doing him "André Malraux" justice for a man who says that "Shakespeare is more important than the individual"—that at 25 Robin Phillips has set his stamp and personality upon the festival most clearly than anyone since Tynone Goring started it all in the first back in 1952. Whether this is entirely a good thing is another matter.

Phillips became interested in Canada as soon as the war became disinterested in Britain. Part of the discomfort was what he calls "the semaphore thing"—the frustration he felt at many British stage actors to suggest their emotions, underline their feelings, and productions became as overwrought and predictable as any provided by the Moscow Art Theatre. "Yes I could admire them," he says, "but where was the spark?" Primarily an actor in the early Sixties, he started directing in earnest

Phillips (right) directing Mapple Smith and Barry MacGregor in this season's 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'; everybody adores him. . . well, almost everybody

In 1966—and in 1969 directed successful productions of Chekhov's *The Seagull* in a London suburb. Ward quickly spread this love for a new director to his words, influenced by causation, and, as a result, his high-quality productions were loved and praised, similar to those produced by Two Gentlemen Off Avenue for the Royal Shakespeare Company, Stratford-upon-Avon, in 1960. Peter Hall, one of the most honored and powerful then in power in Britain, was first head of the City. Dreyer was a friend of his, and he had a young Phillips was up to, Hall was up to, as well as what he considered Phillips' modernist liberalism with the secret bias that "that production," he discussed "most never be seen." Assured by the force of his own reputation, Dreyer was not deterred. He was already sold. Hall had told him the production to be staged, but his was no happy—was the fact that it was not to be. He was the first 1960 season could not have made him any Phillips was interested getting out that Phillips was seen as a writer, and he was a writer, and he was a writer, the fact that he was a writer, and Phillips actually did not have a

Two years later Phillips might have expected to head the festival at Chislehurst instead of to lend to Keith Michell, widely known for his TV Henry VIII. So Phillips spent two seasons, at about \$50 a week, renewing the tiny run-down Greenwich Theatre by the London docks, in short order he put on the map, displaying for the first time the do-everything thrust he shows at Stratford, and Greenwich he even cleans the webpages.

about by the Stuffed Frenchman, but taking a wide net for Guster's success. Working from late dawn up for three hours, the boys and I landed 25 striped bass, the biggest, loaded some 25 striped bass into two to a half-dozen, British and Canadian. All were invited to come and have tea and among them were Robin Phillips and Philo Rogers here it "I guess, like the place—and found this acting to be a little bit of a surprise, a surprise, a surprise that there in England. What was it about? That's what I wanted to go with from. So here the board said how I like this strip little ones I replied that I would for me. But there will one moment on the board, I was a little bit surprised. Dennis, who suddenly started talking very passionately about what the festival couldn't stand to go forward, he said, 'I couldn't find a good place to talk, I couldn't find a good place to talk. I don't want to talk with such passion about a place that has made me realize there was a job to be done, but maybe be done.'

And then he should do it. The board was howled over by Phillips when he changed his mind. "There was no question about him," says John Kille, vice president. "It was the *preference* of the man that was expressed in 'The board remains howled over to this day.' Says one member: "Gason could be a great director but he was not a planner, he didn't have Robert's vision or scope. Laughlin came to so few of our meetings as he could, Gason came a little—but I don't think Robert's mansion I've never met anyone more politically minded than he is. Our response had to be to meet head-on, to plan ahead—it's not easy for an artistic director to sign away for a year, every year in advance, but Robert announced the 1976 season in February



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Hawaii. It's called the Big Island so as to not confuse Hawaii with Heave. Anyway, this is where the Goddess of the Ives — in Volcano National Park. Look down and you'll see molten lava. Look up and

the names are the same. It's called the friendly Isle and that it is. Lots of room, low folks. Look for an hour and you'll see more sheer beauty and less cars than believable. Fishing, hunting and relaxing are particularly good here. Enjoy a fantastic trip by mule train while you're here.

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there's snow capped Mauna Kea. The Big Island just doesn't have beaches — it has them in colors: black, green and pearl white. Orchids? Fields of them. And no visit is complete without tasting island grown Kona coffee and fresh roasted macadamia nuts.

Kauai. They say it has more beautiful distractions across its verdant valleys than you can count. Like the tropical version of the Grand Canyon, for example. Kauai is called the Garden Isle and if there's anywhere greener, let us know. Here too are beaches for two. Yes, this is where South Pacific was filmed.

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Look up.



Look down.



Look alone.



Look in turn.



Look strong.



Look hard.



Look sharp.



Look cool.



Look clear.



Look quick.



Look again.



Look one.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

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On behalf of the people of Kauai, Oahu, Maui, Molokai, Lanai and the Big Island of Hawaii.

A man and a woman are posing together against a plain white background. The man, on the left, is wearing a dark blue long-sleeved shirt with a white and orange horizontal stripe across the chest, and dark trousers. He is holding the handlebars of a bicycle. The woman, on the right, is wearing a red short-sleeved top and white shorts with a row of buttons down the front. She is holding a cigarette in her right hand. Both are wearing white sneakers. The man has dark hair and is looking towards the camera. The woman has dark, curly hair and is also looking towards the camera.



The Spanish Renaissance

By David Baird

newly opened of liberalization has lifted the curtain on a new Spain, one which is ready to erase the miseries of European life and forget the wounds of the past. Amid emotional scenes thousands of exiles have returned to the homeland that denied them a welcome for 40 years, among them Antonio Salazar de Madrugue, youngest leader Federico Monroy (the only woman ever to hold a cabinet



Many of those who have resumed careers recognize their surroundings. From a poverty stricken country with little industry, Spain has grown into one of the world's 10 leading industrial nations. Much of the change dates from 1937, when a disastrous financial situation forced Perros to turn to so-called technicians, many of whom were members of Opus Dei. The Catholic society known for its

Though many of the guest workers have returned to swell the ranks of the unemployed, Spain and Italy have better than they have ever done. But a heavy price has been paid for the halber skirts, barbed growth. From the Costa Brava to the Costa del Sol, the Mediterranean coast has been blighted by a wall of concrete in order to accommodate pulp-faced north European vacationers. Millions of whom came

None of whom came in



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LA LOZANA ANDALUZA
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A huge movie poster, featuring a naked lady, in Madrid: France is very dead

The movie, part of the 1973 series, is set in Madrid and Barcelona as a jungle of high-rise and nerve-shattering traffic jams and as raped by sexual apartheid. It's blown up by operators after weeks of protest. Health, education and other programs are available.

In the past 10 years one million women have quit the land, leaving their white-washed villages and the city and the old life. Yet while most of these women have quit, 20th-century problems, some were not left for rural conditions. The great landowners in each hundred units in Andalusia still divide themselves by hunting and raising birds while thousands of workers, many of them domestic, move with the seasons to wherever temporary jobs are available.

Some France citizens the problem was that they had lived under the corrupt but not the law, thanks largely to an unbroken past which for the first time is permitted to focus attention on gravity inadequate health services, deep-rooted corruption and social inequities. Spain's women are on the move, standing in solidarity by comparing notes for the legislation of divorce, abortion and the sale of contraceptives. The law does state that women who submit to an abortion can be jailed for 10 years, but up to \$40,000 are estimated to take that risk every year, and though the sale of contraceptives for other than female reasons is illegal, at least \$40,000 are on the pill.

While social change is coming, along with the domestic political, economic, family and church influences are still powerful. A Sevilla housewife's motto: "I did not want a baby as soon as I married. But when I was still not pregnant after six months the priest kept asking after my health—and then the family put such pressure on me that I gave in."

Spain's tragedy is that social and political upheaval coincides with economic crisis. The world recession on back returns

from tourism and sharply reduced remittances from migrant workers. A round of pay cuts in newly nationalized industrial enterprises contributed to the country's galloping inflation which is likely to climb more than 30% this year. Gross Spain was the biggest center of Europe, it is that no longer. Inflation and food prices are approaching levels in other countries. Unemployment is expected to rise toward one million and the balance of payments shows a \$3.5 billion deficit.

That despite this rapid revival and emotional resources the coming of democracy is likely to mean for most Spaniards a period of unrelenting bootlegging. Fortunately, Franco's chosen successor, King Juan Carlos, has shown a sense of democracy and law. Franco, who was a former Republican—they loved him for his last king, Alfonso XIII in 1931—but Juan Carlos has presented a liberal image without doubling too openly in politics.

The king's most significant move appears to have been his appointment last July of Adolfo Suarez as president. A politician from his sleek look to his open policy of honesty, Suarez has proved himself a master operator. As a former leader of the National Movement, the only party allowed under Franco, he knows better than anyone the workings of the system. Though he's not a great intellectual, he has a political instinct. He is capable of making a 195-degree turn in 24 hours. "I am a Majorist-Republican," he said. Suarez is of the same generation as Juan Carlos and the two are close friends.

Suarez seems to have maintained the hard-line on both the right and the left. Last November, the Cortes (parliament), a chamber noted for its anti-democratic stance, was nudged into approving the scheme for electoral reform. A

month later the nation approved the plan by a resounding majority in a referendum. Suarez has since parlied ahead with other reforms. Almost all the political prisoners held under Franco have been freed, trade unions are now allowed to organize freely, strikes have been legalized (though within very narrow limits), and in April the National Movement was dissolved.

The president has also managed to weather the storm provoked by extremists on both wings and the Spanish public has responded in their verdict with a calmness and sense of moderation for which it has not previously been noted. The extreme left was dealt a heavy blow early this year when members of Grupo de Liberación Antifascista Proletario de Granada (Grapa) were rounded up. They had kidnapped a general and the president of the Council of State, but both were rescued by police. There followed a clampdown on right-wing extremists who had previously appeared unrepentant, possibly because many of their members are suspected to be police.

But the greatest challenge to the government came in April when a revolt by the military was narrowly averted. The confrontation arose over the decision to begin the Spanish Communist Party, a move seen as betrayed by those who recalled the Civil War as an anti-democratic. Suarez feared that if he did not act, the constitution and order might be beyond the elections, but the result was that Navy Minister Admiral Gabriel Pita de Saiz was resigned, and though the army's supreme council expelled its "republican" it was prepared to accept the change for reasons of patriotism. A rebellion seemed likely since many Spaniards felt the military was, ungratefully, meddling in politics. But Suarez turned his charge on the state general and the crisis blew over.

Spain's military leaders have been a bulwark of Francoism and a number are veterans of the Blue Division that fought for Hitler on the Russian front. Many of the generals grew up during the Franco years, and occupying adjacent positions in big business.

Luis Suarez-Villa, Generalissimo, Suarez's defense minister, however, is known as a moderate, an individual constant to seek members of the "Bunker" (as the far right is called) as Luis Suarez-Villa General Carlos Suarez who once said that Francoism would last 1,000 years. To such old-style Franco men Spain is seeking a wave of pornography and hard pornography, and the more extreme fight back. "We are ready to die and to kill for Spain," recently declared Blas Piñar, 58-year-old leader of the ultra-right Falange Nueva (New Falange), who boasts of his fascist sympathies.

Over on the far left are a variety of parties, none of which is likely to be picked for the elections. The anarchists, who in one time had considerable support, have

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by
TREND

Rooms look great in it.

Commonwealth Conference (more than 80% of the non-Commonwealth states) still poor life in the Commonwealth will be discussed on whether the rich (the United States, Japan, West Germany, France) have shown more flexibility than it has.

Before the Commonwealth leaders, a main topic for discussion will be a 30,000-word report by experts of achieving a more balanced regional economic development. The result of two years' work by the 10 new economists from Africa, Asia, the Caribbean, New Zealand, Britain and Canada, who are listed as experts, will be presented.

London is expected to play a key role in the conference. It will be the first time since the definitive document in global terms on the rich-poor confrontation. It makes more radical proposals, including the abolition of the International Monetary Fund and World Bank, which would give the developing countries a much bigger say.

The other main issue on the agenda is the growing economic division between Britain and Black Africa. Black Africa has been the least developed, and the only part of the world having more closely matched African mobility, and the only point on Britain to make its own a

Just how many of the Commonwealth leaders will turn up for the summit will not be known until discussions start in the great 19th-century stone mansion called Lancaster House. Of the 36 Commonwealth countries, 33 attend summits (5,000-population Niue does not have a seat at the top of the table). Attendance of heads of state is always high—usually around 70%—and London will be no exception. The score looks like being about 25 (dominions representing the remainder).

Since the last meeting, two years ago, in Kingston, Jamaica, 11 of the 36 governments have changed leaders—some by the ballot box (Austria, Western Samoa), not through coup and assassination (Bhutan), one through peaceful coup (Nigeria) and two through retirement (Brazil, Sweden). Two other leaders are from newly independent countries, Seychelles and Papua New Guinea.

From Tradition has become something of a Commonwealth summit in volume. This is his first meeting. Only a handful of colonists, including Archbishop Makarios of Cyprus, Tassios's Julius Nyerere, Senegambian's Lee Kuan Yew, and Sir Lester K. Pearson have attended most of the men. In this time, Tassios has become a close friend of Lee Kuan Yew, who, though a socialist, he has not strayed Africa since he became Prime Minister nine years ago. The three first at home together (unofficially) play maintain a personal correspondence and have done much to shape the new-found spirit of Commonwealth leaders' gatherings. They and their colleagues will not fail, however, to cheer the new Commonwealth. It is a matter of quality that is. As Tassios has made so very much from him.

DAVID HARRIS

THE U.S.

Ha-ha, Canada, big joke!

The United States is engaging in a toothless attack on Canadian interests in the St. Lawrence Seaway traffic. In what must go down as one of the least effective threats that America has ever made against Ottawa, Washington last week raised the spectre of an ill-fated waterway leading from Buffalo to New York City. The idea is to undermine seaway business severely. But in reality it is no more than a waste of taxpayers' funds to discuss a study that has potentially no chance of reaching a fruition.

The other agencies volunteer for the document-making process in America. It started earlier this month when a group of New York congressmen approached the Public Works Committee on Capitol Hill with the idea of building the new waterway in cut out Canadian rapids in American commercial traffic. The chairman of the committee, Congressman Harold Johnson of Colorado, passed on the suggestion to the ever easy U. S. Army Corps of Engineers.

Colonel James Hunt, who is in charge of such projects, replied enthusiastically that although such studies had been conducted before, and had been found to be anemic, the corps would be glad to look at the problem again for a mere \$1.5 million. They said that it would take their first year to come up with a plan that would probably result in the widening and deepening of the old Erie Canal from Buffalo to Albany, where the system would enter the Hudson River to run south into New York City. Although the Pentagon refuses a "pioneering" such a scheme would save tens of millions of dollars.

One of the most significant aspects of this improbable suggestion comes in a letter from Colonel Rice to Congressman Johnson. The primary reason he gave in



backing the study was "Political developments in Quebec." The implication is obvious. Colonel Remy and his army corps of engineers were implying that Quebec might become a breakaway province of Canada and then obstruct or raise the fees sky-high for U.S. traffic through the Saintes.

Close questioning reveals that Colonel Reid understates the significance of the Quebec paragraph and also has little political understanding of the overall situation. He said: "Look, we got hundreds of these proposals put up to Congress to pass that amount of money which, I don't know, but they may never do."

The average person wrote to us about the study and one of my staff drafted a letter of reply which I signed. He put in that line about Quebec because he had heard that some of his constituents in northern New York are worried about the future of Quebec. Personally, I know nothing about it. In hindsight, I can see that it would have been better if I had left any mention of Quebec out of the letter. These letters are not re-

reviewed by the State Department or anything like that, this has got nothing to do with official U.S. policy.

Indeed, the suggestion that more water-ways would be built because of the Quebec political situation has nothing whatever to do with U.S. policy. President Carter was one of his way recently to advise Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau that the United States would take the utmost care to avoid decisions that would affect or give offence to the provinces.

A congressional expert who has studied the overall budgets for the rest of this year said "it is highly unlikely that Congress will finance this remedy in the first place, and it seems impossible that they would ever consider going through with the overall scheme. It is all a waste of time and breath. Maybe somebody wants to put a scare into our Canadian neighbors, just to keep them on their toes."

—WILLIAMSON L. THOMAS

WILLIAMLOWTHEIR

People

Max West, despite the legend, has actually made very few films, one of the reasons being that The Star craves an writing her own dialogue. Finally, it appears the 'not that good' is it, though a couple of them have certainly become classics. Who can forget her saying, "Why don't you come up and see me sometime?" in *Careless*.



Wendt wasn't that a rhetorical question?

Wrest, now 40, and having just completed *Strawberry with Kings* Starr, claims that had he and other most famous faces—the ones delivered to Joseph Collins in his Little Chalkwater—actually come from real-life situations. The source of the tale is Collins came in a train station in Los Angeles in the Thirties. A friend was supposed to meet him, but he couldn't, so he sat on a suitcase with the instructions "Give Max a hug, a kiss and a squeeze from me." The stand-up did as he was told, then, red-faced, heard *Wrest* arrive in his remarkable way. "It was 'I got in your pocket or are you just used to get me'."

Twenty years ago **Boo Murray** and **Nope Lange** were husband and wife, parents of two children. Fifteen years ago they were divorced. In May, 1977, they were reunited—professionally. Lange replaced Sissy D'Amico opposite her former husband in the long-running Broadway production *Same Time, Next Year*. She plays, ironically, not his wife but his mistress.

The very last word on the subject (may be). When Mick Jagger was asked about his relationship with Margaret Trudeau, he knew dance hall what the interviewer was getting at, and he was not at a loss for words. He may, however, have been at a loss for the right words. "You are suggesting I have some sort of romantic attachment," he bellowed. "I have no relationship with her, just a passing acquaintance for two miles."



Rogers and Trigg: Is death as life

Children of the Forties and early Fifties will be pleased to know that **Ray Rogers** has made a decision as to how he wants to go to the Last Roundup—and it's the right one. If his last words are heeded, the Son-of-a-King of the Cowboys now 64 will be stuffed and measured beside the already stuffed and measured Trigger in a museum near his California ranch. Happy trails to them.



Three years ago **Jeanie Cannon** was just another 40-year-old runaway wife ("My husband said: 'My wife, I think I'll keep her.' I broke his collection.") who joined the Dorchester community of Woburn Puddle. Then **Gerry Trudeau**, an ex-daily and weekly ex-entrantly syndicated comic strip, decided to send her off to the

school (see 1994 story above). She was finally accepted at a University of California at Berkeley. Berkeley was honored so much so that a drawing of Ms. Carter was included in a book along with other members of her freshman class, and a life opened in her name. And on May 21, 1997, with Trudie as commencement speaker,

Joan Christus graduated along with the rest of her class. And, at 43, she's prepared. "I feel ready to accept the responsibility of the choices I've made," she said in a pre-graduation trip, "to face my future squarely." To which **Kramer Harris**, the perennial dapper child, replied "Easy, Joanne, now! You're becoming hysterical."

Business

The Tories could deliver So Big, if only they didn't think So Small

Adverse tests of Joe Clark's confidence address in the Progressive Conservatives' "Workshop on Economics" Conference in Toronto were greeted in the press room as if a Gorge had been unveiled, turning everything in much-needed focus. There was one focused down the corridor. Eye placed. Reporters took to the floor in a frenzy of questions, shouting a host of the adverbial of this transcript. So unconfident was the general joy and fidelity, in fact, that a grain deal of actual speech-making went on. Which was a pity, because Clark's address contained various useful proposals for reducing the government's share of Canada's gross national product, such as rationalizing specific government programs, contributing for reduction of petroleum, and possibly ending the canavally principle in such areas as unemployment insurance. And it was to be much approved by Clark's witty and thoroughly professional delivery.

But of course the journalists were responding with the context of their trade, baring their fangs like wolves at the corners of the workshop and taking advantage of Clark with some of the old dog. "If Joe's overconfident, he should be," issued one deliverer who had your name in his handwriting handbook early. As the conference dispersed, Metro Toronto Tories, reportedly the most disaffected, openly shook their heads at what they thought was the fulsome audience reaction to Clark's speech, despite his two standing ovations, lead on both occasions from the head table by the Englishman (a few Reggae fans).

This is not bad for the Tories. Their conference, a product of the political and imperial economists and businessmen, produced an abundance of targets for the next election. Alf Power, president of Noranda Mines Ltd., spoke with elegant brevity of the tax changes of the past few years which have undermined his industry's financial base and threaten its ability to play its traditional role in Canada's balance of payments. Other speakers dwelt on Canada's dried international competitiveness and the inevitable suffering that must precede any recovery. As in the Liberal's national policy workshop held in Toronto in March, there is no widespread discussion with the ability of governments to finance further intervention in the economy, let alone its efficacy.

But most remarkable was the total victory won by the small-c conservative movement theory of inflation over the opposing, Keynesian, claim that govern-



Clark: he went out there a nobody, and despite his efforts, came back a nobody.

ments can in effect print money and spend more than they are taking in taxes without any ill consequences. Ten years ago, Keynesians, the belief in "fine-tuning" the economy, was absolutely dominant, not least among the Tory hierarchy. Now, significantly, only former leader Robert Stanfield could still be found talking about "government planning" and "fiscal socialism"—to imitate his own *Nationalist* editor. And even he was quick to applaud Joe Clark's statement of the new ortho-

doxy, as he sat at the new leader's head table, his craggy, androgynous face making him look like a Good Witch just arrived at the front in a hot air balloon. In other contrast to an official revolution of this sort—for the Tories are enforcing the latest economic consensus—would a legal purge and treason trials. In Canada, there is no evidence the Prime Minister has even changed his wardrobe—ever! It was to

The Tories try to take a long view of Canada's economic problems. They even supported William Rans-Mogg, editor of the *London Times* and a politician figure whose centrist beliefs begin and end in a just-



Peter Pierson: someone in what not to do

case squinting soul, raising the intriguing possibility that he is about to drop in his own pigskin. From U.K. experience, Rans-Mogg advised Canadians against (1) allowing labor unions to demand more, (2) shifting the money supply, (3) building a form of business aid, (4) destroying inflation through taxation. He explained to add that all four of these were common and U.K. Tory Prime Minister Edward Heath, of whom he was a personal supporter.

But being in the more pragmatic, unsentimental business world, Tories are ill at ease with sweeping dramatic assertions. "Of course I'll have to do some gradually—it can only be done gradually," agreed Tony Francis, chief Senator Mervin and Don Longhouse, senior vice president of Imperial Oil Ltd. and brother of the Alberta Premier, after a brief discussion about the problem of reducing the federal bureaucracy. Their eyes, fixed with years of political writing, are in a moment's understanding, in fact, of course, given the momentum gathered by the federal civil service after years of Liberal hegemony, it is highly unlikely if anything less than an iron-wielding dictatorship could make any impression, or would be prepared to suffer the outcry such would bring. The reason vice provincial governments have a permanent mark is that they are largely made up of abstraction-bound officials totally unconcerned with the task and upholding of their plans. The Ontario Tories, by contrast, have drifted into a second line rancor and fiscal irresponsibility at least as threatening as the federal Liberals because each successive step aimed at the time the most just to do.

Unfortunately for the Tories, the only way to contain an anarchized regime such as Canada's Liberals is to come up with a simple but useful and compelling theme, as Charles Taylor did. But the current leadership is afraid of grand political ideas, even the business led by delegates at the failure of bankruptcy to please Quebec went unexpressed, except for an astonishing glow from Premier Ontario

protestant John Roberts at the vision of a regional division. "The 500,000 Quebecers who are out of work today might be more enthusiastic about federalization if they had a job," offered Joe Clark. Instead, the Tories are reaching out to the middle-class middle-class check-out book streamers from their standards, hoping that, rather than to the contrary, more can live by bread alone.

PETER HARRISON

Every day a new day

You've heard about it from Jimmy Carter. You've read about it in the business press. Now learn how you can use *Zero Time Budgeting*—the revolutionary financial management technique of the 1970s.

Inspired by such advertisements as the ones *The Washington Post*, Peter Pierson's new book *Zero Time Budgeting: A Practical Management Tool For Enduring Success* (John Wiley & Sons) has sold more copies in the past 16 months than any other business book. More than 200 U.S. companies have adopted it as a converting to use, which calls for a complete participation of everything in the budget instead of focusing only on accounting, asking not "what can we do without?" but "what is needed?"—starting from scratch. The Bank of Montreal and Hamilton's McMaster University represent the Canadian forces into the technique, but admittedly there is a characteristic difference in each nation. According to Peter Pierson of

the American Management Association, there are not enough senior leaders to satisfy demand, although seminars are currently running at three a month, one paired with one for all of 1979. But only 10 companies signed up for the first seminar held by the Canadian Management Centre, the AMA's counterpart.

Pierson developed ZTB 15 years ago, but a business of its kind and softened in high-level U.S. business and government with a little warning from Jimmy Carter. While Governor of Georgia, Carter read an article on ZTB by Pierson in the *Harvard Business Review*, and promptly had him to install it. Carter was pleased with the results. Pierson, originally with Texas Instruments and now vice-president of Alpha Wire Company, was asked to write his book.

And when Carter became President, he planned to introduce the system to Washington by Executive Order. That plan has met with some skepticism from various experts and in the House Budget Committee hearings. ZTB critics point to its cost in management time and the need-bugling paper work involved. "It's less than a Clinton lunch" in terms of long-range satisfaction, comments a member of the University of Western Ontario's Business School. ZTB is just the latest of many management systems to do to sweep through business and government. Perhaps this without value is that in the name of novelty they prod organizations to do what someone else would dictate as a way.

ROBERTA WALKER





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Sports

How many Canadians know their port from starboard? About one million

Sailing used to be a recreation of the idle rich. As J. P. Morgan is supposed to have intoned: "If you have to ask how much it costs, you can't afford it." But those days are long gone. Yachting is becoming that old hoarse, so more than a million Canadians take to the water, lured by twirl-in-yourself boat lifts, computerized bank managers and steadily rising boat values. Canadians now own about 200,000 sailboats—for cruising or racing, as suburban cottages or mobile retirement homes, or 10 years after the number of yacht clubs has doubled to 450—214 of them in wealthy, watery Ontario (though even Alberta, the most arid province, has 23), and training programs for young and old are multiplying faster than the Canadian Yachting Association can gather statistics.

The stars of the show, however, are still the heavy yachts of the blue-blaze set—the boats more than 50 feet in length owned by sailors who can look at \$350,000 price tags without blinking. The wealthy few can afford to indulge the grade-of-over-cash-up-all-sailors set to share—by buying the biggest and the best custom built with everything from stereo and television to dishwasher and air-conditioner. Yet responses to the big boats are, on balance, craft are now acknowledged as the second-most important aspect. Karl Hansen, general manager of Whorby Boat Works in Ontario, says his Whorby 40 (the number indicates the length of the boat in feet), which reached for \$43,900 in 1973, is worth \$75,000 today.

Bob Frueley, a doctor in Galt, Ont., filled the dream of many sailors to "trade up" to a bigger boat when he sold his 24-foot Shark, bought for \$6,500 in 1974, for \$7,800. "That means I got two years' sailing on for free," Frueley, who now has a \$27,000 C&C 22 (the price of a new boat runs roughly \$3,000 per foot), says owning a medium-sized boat is "like having a winter cottage without costs for the beaches." Terry Phillips, executive director of the Canadian Yachting Association, agrees. "The capital expenditure is considerably less and you don't have to light your way 100 miles north on Friday night and 100 miles south again for work on Monday."

But all you really need these days to get hooked on sailing is decent water, a spare tire and a \$500 commitment in a build-it-yourself kit. Bank managers, often sailors themselves, say those who want to spend more but can't really afford to have turned



A C&C 22 will fit the coast of New Brunswick getting there is all, not half, the fun

in the under-25s—particularly for a joint marital venture in which the husband pays the bills and the wife helps the boss. As well, a lot of older couples have bought boats in preparation for retirement, perhaps looking for a sporting alternative to retirement and even retirement. Presumably the latest trend in shared ownership is on-top sailing. About 200 thirty-apartment dwellers in Toronto are buying the high cost of sailing by sharing the expense—and pleasure—of 10 15-foot boats. The sales of shared pleasure is a rising aspect of the sport, especially among the at-home nation who spend most of their time on board—conducting in the cockpit. One marina operator says his boat customers "All they want is fun and leisure."

The sailing day cruise (with or without 120) has little connection with the domestic world of sailboat racing. Although its detractors compare sailboat racing on a calm day to watching the grass grow, more than 125,000 Canadians compete in it annually. Across the country they are preparing for everything from two-week offshore competitions in British Columbia and the Maritimes to a common race for sailboats on Cluj's water reservoir. But because boat designs like their counterparts in the automotive industry, constantly upgrade their racing boats, this year's model may depreciate by as much as 50% in two years. So, one kind of making that is not a good investment in ocean racing, while one sailboat has skirted its "handy in a civil shower while turning up \$1,000 bills."

Why would the popularity of a summer sport be declining in a country looking for the joys of water sports? Is the year's Season of the Depressed Sail? by sailors during the year's most fun days of summer? Last year more than a million sailing enthusiasts dropped off to each other with it cutting and sailing—its career for sailors who are also interested for their year-round dedication to knowing through the joys of sailing boats, masts and equipment to sailboats.

It is assumed that the popularity of the summer satisfaction of his character, at one moment the richness of wind and water and weather can be used for the challenge of putting man's skill against the elements. On an aspect and sailor's life, Bierbaum calls it "the perfect relaxation." "You have to immerse yourself totally in what you're doing. Consequently you forget your other desires." And, occasionally there is talk of the beautiful, awesome solitude. Veterans under Brian Forsyth of Toronto recall one week (mostly) back in 1969 when he was sailing 20 miles south of Bermuda and 800 miles offshore. "I was lacking in the man-of-war's radio bearing the coast of the Americas who were landlocked for weeks, and I could be in a more peaceful than they were. They had 1,000 people helping them, and there I was, alone out in the middle of the god-damn ocean."

Travel

If Her Majesty is not amused, she won't show it



When Queen Elizabeth II was a child she interrupted an adult conversation by banging her spoon on the table and shouting "It's really boring." This year in the otherwise hot British calendar—the 23rd anniversary of her accession to the throne—she may be feeling similar frustration, for the occasion she heads home had any real purpose for a long time. Like the royal family and the royal troops have become a tourist attraction, a money-maker. She knows that 11.5 million tourists will spend an estimated \$4.5 billion holidaying in Britain this year, and that the royal family is the biggest attraction. She also knows that since tourism is the third-ranking industry in a falling economy, the money can't afford not to make the monarchy. Says Michael Knight of the British Tourist Authority in Toronto: "It's worth keeping the royal family for the money they bring in alone."

Clearly, the Queen's 19th birthday celebrations—which start officially on June 7—are a badly needed business, and everybody is selling in British Airways and the British Tourist Authority have been using the Queen to boost air, hotel accommodations in London is at a premium, especially for the peak month of June, and even the Church of England has lined up the jubilee day as a fund-raising drive. But it is the money man's fact that they are really making a killing. Any British firm from Anger's of Blackpool, which is selling souvenir gold coins border-

ing \$8,000 apiece, to the makers of cheap medals at an estimated worth the Silver Jubilee emblem—could produce the right to use the emblem for a mere \$30. Millions of top quality goods were in the shop of the jubilee, the sophisticated retail would respond to the jubilee, so they produced limited editions of expensive items such as Wedgwood's \$125 black basalt bust of the Queen. Most of them sold out before they were off the production line. Lament one manufacturer: "We held the jubilee at our launch and now we've had to close up our bottom." Producers of overpriced, poorly made souvenirs have not been in business. In fact they have marketed the market with their goods, shoddy water socks, perfumes, maps, ice cream, T-shirts, key chains and cheap toys such as the Queen's dog and Welsh carded. Many of the samples have reproductions of the royal family so embossed that Prince Charles has said he often can't recognize his mother. Some cheap items have even been imported from Asia, a fact given by letters also know tourists sent away "Made in England" souvenirs.

Though in difference to the shopping economy the Queen asked an "autumn" celebration, the public is certain to see a financial benefit. Most of the money is coming from donations and private enterprise, not taxes, but that isn't stopped heavy coffers about such levels expenditure is a case of financial expediency. London is spending the most public

money—\$15.5 million—but few have much to show. Any public budget is all over as they go on commercial support for publicizing things from "Jubilee Queens" contests to gala street festivals. Though many Britons have been taken away from public programs, that will likely be forgotten in the flood of accounts that officially go under way on June 7 when the Queen attends the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral in London. Then, as well, white and blue flowers work from public parks and 25 to 30 meter-tall double-decker buses move up and down London's streets, it will be one jubilee after another, a next parade on the Thames, a "Rally by" of silver-colored Rolls-Royces, and celebrations, parties, dinners, fireworks and lots of all kinds. Besides will be a usual tourney throughout England and would have been linked by satellite to hotels at Commonwealth countries of most countries, including Canada, but's behind is "the British jubilee" and "according to the British press." For that part, members of the royal family have stated they are available to attend but only on that day only of a suitable duration is forthcoming to the Queen's 19th birthday.

More than 600,000 Canadians will visit Britain in 1977, a 15% increase over last year, and the people at the British Tourist Authority have been working hard to insure that number—they recently sent Miss Lyran ("That's it, the backside over the white dress of Dorset") to woo war veterans back toward their old homes. Yet there's too much to go off the way to Britain to celebrate. In May schoolchildren across the country attended commemorative assemblies, and many provinces have adopted public celebrations of some kind. While books about the Queen's 23-year reign are asking the best-seller lists, the Queen herself has been invited to visit Ottawa since October 14-19. After Christmas week's coronation have extended more lengthy invitations, however, and Ian Richards, manager of the British Tourist Authority for Canada, says an image of her as "mum's the word" in England.

We no more a long way from the days of Queen Victoria and King George V, when Crown jewels were intended to let subjects pay homage to the symbol of Britain's imperial splendor. In a way, when the celebration is so strong to bring in badly needed foreign exchange, people in the tourist industry have developed, shall we say, a more practical outlook. And they aren't taking any chances of anything happening to the Queen during the festivities, however small, attendance figures and public will-power, an investment being that bet with insurance policies on the Queen's health totaling an estimated \$55 million. But then there are always the rumors. They will take part in the celebrations out of a genuine feeling of devotion, some of them certainly, perhaps, that this may well be the last of the Crown's jubilees.

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Religion

The journeys of a prophet in his sixteenth lifetime



Joan Chen, Michaela and Confucius are dead, as are the holy men of most major religions. Only Buddhism, with its belief in reincarnation, has holy men who walk the earth today, teaching, blessing, prophesying, and performing miracles. The sixteen Gyalse Karmapa, current leader of 30 million Asian Buddhists, is one of them, and he has just completed a tour of North America that went almost unopposed (he attracted more than 50,000 participants). Speaking through a Tibetan interpreter in an interview with *Maclean's*, the spiritual head of the Kargya order of Tibetan Buddhism and Tibet's association by the Communist Chi-

The Gyalse Karmapa in Canada: ash is not bitter when it fulfills the prophecy

nese in 1999 and the latest exile of its religious leaders to India have been "a blessing for the West." The exponents of Tibetan Buddhism happened to coincide, he said, with the search for a new meaning of life that grew up among North American youth during the Sixties—and it was inevitable both journeys would collide.

Became Buddhism true to seek enlightenment (a final blissful state is asked by the absence of desire or suffering) in a precise way, it is hard to determine how many Canadians have turned to the religion. More

than 1,000 students are studying full-time under the direction of a lama (monk), and pre-line followers numbered at least 10,000. These are people drawn by word of mouth to ceremonies performed at dozens across Canada during the Karmapa's year here from February to May.

Thoughtful and full for the Westerner to debate such practices, centuries of religious study make prophecies, reincarnation and miracles facts of life for the so-called Tibetans. They believe "his Holiness," like the previous 15 Karmapas, was incarnated as an infant through a letter left by his predecessor predicting the time and place of his next incarnation. They also believe he will be reincarnated as the sixth Buddha.

At 54, Dr. Karmapa is a large man whose face—scar at eyebrow, is benevolent when he smiles. When questioned about the story canonized attributed to him, he explains that as soon as any man "learns to control the five physical elements and make his inner nature of the mind," it becomes natural to perform miracles "spontaneously." He is sincerely appreciative of the complex combination of politics and technology of Western life, but says he was impressed "enough" with the natural beauty and tranquility of Canada (the Rockies mirrored his of his homeland). As for Joan Chen, he confesses he doesn't know much about her, except that "the idea of Chremay is the same as Buddhism, which is to be separated from the causes of sorrow."

The prophecies say the Gyalse Karmapa will travel widely, and he certainly has. He first came to North America for a brief tour in 1974. This second journey is part of a worldwide tour that began last September and will include an audience with the Pope. While in Canada, besides traveling to Buddhist study centers in every province, he met with 400 followers in the Yukon, Blackfoot Indian in Alberta, an exiled Tibetan king and queen in Ontario—and even stayed at the home of Pope John's cousin, Maurice Strong.

Among the ancient Buddhist scriptures is an ancient prophecy, written in the year 161: "When the sun, moon and stars have come to their end, the time will be upon the sun throughout the world, and the oceans [Buddhist teachings] will come to the land of the red-faced man." Believers say that prophecy was fulfilled by a 161 August, 91—the "iron boat" that brought the Gyalse Karmapa to this continent, making him a living symbol of the coming of Tibetan Buddhism to North America.

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AIR CANADA 40
1937 1977

Films

All hope abandon, ye who enter here

WELCOME TO L.A.
Directed by Alan Parker

If pretensions could kill, *Welcome To L.A.* would be up for posthumous murder. Alan Rudolph's first feature film exorcises people in an unusual way, and everything on the screen seems meticulously planned and meticulously coordinated to evoke the prevailing moods of alienated anxiety and melancholy. Like *Numberville* (whose director, Robert Altman, served as producer here), this is a mood piece with songs. Singer-composer Richard Buckner—the film's single most arresting feature—performs a number of beautiful songs in a voice that would give Groucho a bad name. One of his numbers is about Los Angeles being the city of the one-night

stands, a theme Rudolph all too obviously demonstrates.

Kevh Caravatta plays a young composer returning to L.A. from England, a narcissistic ruler who handles the burdens of his father's misanthropic world and his own disenchantment with two kinds of consumption: Southern Comfort and Golden State ladies. He has his way with a staggering array of Rimbaud Types: Geraldine Chaplin, who spends her days as a socialite and impersonates Garbo's Cautie; Sally Kellerman, a married lady with a bad case of wifedrama; Venus Luncheon, a real-estate agent who suspects the night just be-

**Huffman and Caravatta: If the hell talks
Not them, does it also talk for us all?**



getting older, not better. Lauren Hutton, the father's glamorous ex-mistress, and Sissy Spacek, who don't light housekeeping while ingesting and also manages a little light harking.

Welcome To L.A. is nonsensicalistic in its pacing and much too pre-programmed for its casual encounters—and yet there is something in it all that commands attention. I must repeat: Does Myers' beautiful cinematography establish the full dialogues of L.A. (shown during Christmas week, with all its cinematic grotesque, itself from blinking sunlight to neoplastic noon)? And then emerges, through the most appealing performance (Harvey Keitel's in a dense businesswoman, Sissy Spacek's, once Kevh Caravatta's), a sense of plausible, organic grotesque. There is something in Rudolph's world that seems alarmingly familiar, almost agonizingly so. The characters' self-absorption and vanity, their mental blurries, their acting techniques to refuse themselves anything reflect something that can't be restricted to California. Thus *Welcome To L.A.* may well become as affable cult film and serve as a future as a documentary of these worried times, our new *ULTRA KULTURA*.

O fabulous day!

JOHN HUGHES
Directed by Terry Gilliam

If you *didn't* and *How For Something Completely Different*, the first feature film by Monty Python's Flying Circus, and designed *The Holy Grail*, their second, you'll find much to adore in *Jabberwocky*. Conceived by Michael Palin and Terry Gilliam, two Python ex-members still working. It is a charming vision of England as a medieval sewer—and might be considered, in part, as a satire on current British life.

The film is loosely based on Lewis Carroll's poem of the nonsense *Jabberwocky*—in turn loosely derived from obscure legends of knights in armor, of dragons, and princesses languishing in towers. The plot loosely follows the misadventures of an apprentice cooper from the sticks named Dorian (Palin), a subject of King Bruno the Quixoticable, himself a great-grandnephew of One the Best Much else in this film is loose, and the first minutes of it are knee-deep in statistics there are more busy-bus on view than on and now.

Disowned by his father and spared by his overheart, Geraldine Piddinger, a 300-pound vision of maddening flesh who presides the potato she scoops in her bosom to her precious taster, Dennis arrives out for

the city where King Bruto rules by their accident at the world's most dispirited and dusty castle. There he blunders into the bloody tournament being held to choose a champion to fight the Aethelwold, the monster who's bad for the peasants but good for the upper classes who pay on them. Protected by an unusual optimism on a scale that would embarrass Duke Carnegie, Denari accidentally slays the dragon and becomes the epic hero destined to accept the hand of the fair princess instead of Geriold's white cow.

Pakin's superb performance as director Griffith's light, cynical mood—exceptional, in view of the grossness of the sexual details—gives Zulawsky the trappings of a photographic poem and the tenderness of an idyll's dream. In sum, it's a marvellously insane movie, helped on its way by its richness of detail—from parbage to severed limbs and the babes of the filmless Sisters of Mercy—which is the work of design chief Ray F. Smith. Smith, based in Toronto, also designed *The Holy Grail* and the Canadian feature *Dumb Weekend*.

One complaint though the dirty novels have been photographed well, the pornography of their giving and gambling in the web is atrocious. The prime responsibility should be laid to the numerous businessmen at once.

The joys of not being 'meaningful'

It's not just average living rooms but also Esther Warkov's 1971 year-around artist's live-in/working space, a dream's chase: a horse's skull, a stuffed hawk, and a merle dove called Pan (whose father was a cat) by a passing cat in the middle of the night) for Warkov's home, and that is where the workman her highly fantastical drawings—40 of which are touring Canada and are now on view at the Alberta College of Art in Calgary through June 15.

Warkov, 35, is better known as a painter of large surrealist canvases, which hang in major galleries and collections across the country and cost up to \$6,000. These she paints, since she owns no car and cannot drive, in her garage—a fact that has evoked repeated comments from those who expect all Art in the Woods out in garrets. But about three months of every year Warkov

BlackBerry 10 10 device screen, draw 1



he tears herself away and goes into the house for a change of pace. "I tell myself it's time to do some drawings," she explains. "They clear my head—and besides, the results are quick."

Until 1975 the drawings—on pencil, watercolor, and oil—had never been publicly shown and few knew of their existence. One of the first was Carol Phillips, curator of exhibits at the Norman Macdonald Art Gallery at the University of Regina, whom Phillips was looking at the works of prize artist for an International Women's Year exhibition and happened to talk to Warkentin about. "Would you like to see my drawings?" she asked, mischievously. "I was very close by," she said. "I was never loved by a man, but I've had more than five hundred girlfriends. I've even more in New York than in Regina. I've been married only a few times but like to be married, as soon as I could. I don't know if I thought it was time to go to sleep, then I fell into it."

What we see is quickly defined as surrealism—but not the classic, Dali-esque surrealism of dreams, time, and Freud. Warkov is more romantic, more decorative, and is formed—as all her work is—by intellectual high spirits. As with the paintings, her drawings can be enjoyed translated and asquid over to the viewer's content—if not always to Warkov's. In fact many take her work much more seriously than she does.

"What most people look at in my work," the artist, "they want to know whether the symbol is me—and the truth is I don't have any. What I'm really trying to do is create a new, fascinating, binary world of human creation, which is what a lot of science fiction does. I like to think of it as a more gentle human approach." Scene of Warwick's best and most typical work in the central exhibition is his series of drawings titled *My Your Mother Was A Catherine and Your Father Was A Pity. When Does This Make You?* These are 10 of them, and they deliver exactly what the title promises: human, insect and mechanical forms, all wedged together with the highly evocative Warwickian logic. Many of them are also extremely funny.

Warkov, born Watkov, is the daughter of a Polish Lithuanian-who-also-is mother-who-as-a-quarter-and-settling-in-War-ke-is-actively-racist-father-and-is-the-first-show-at-the-Watwappan-Art-Gallery-in-1964-when-she-was-12. Two years later she married Fin Vrochitz, a painter of abstract landscape paintings, and they had three children, two painters. Warkov doesn't smoke, reads and travels as often as she can. In North Winnipeg, at her home, she has a collection of Jewish books and a David Streibach and Libby Morris, but always been her home. She likes to read, to know it. "I like my great," she says, "small and preposterously cheerful." "What's the name of that American writer who never left her house—Emily Dickinson?" Fin like her. But Fin isn't a professional.

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The song's great, kid, now try your sales pitch

Toronto-based folk group *Strengthen* do more than just the *Musical Theatre Canada* when it played *Winnipeg* last month. It also made itself an additional \$500 peddling its three "homemade" albums. Midway through the set, co-leader Bob Bonan announced that copies of its latest CD were for sale, and the audience reacted like children at a candy sale, swooping up 120 copies by the end of the evening.

Streghand has moved more than 20,000 albums that way or by mail order in the three years since it took \$4,000 and launched its own Nook Records. But it is mainly the best-known of a group of folk-rooted entrepreneurs in Jefferson who since 1974 have given new life to the old adage: if you want something done, do it yourself.

The fastest way to measure what has long been preached in the gospel and country music fields is the mid-1990s. So-called Teen Censorious banned thousands of instantly recorded singles at a crack in Northern Ontario. Other homestead albums such as *Whisper* after *Melodrama* by Toronto's Original Sins Band, were discontinued high at bars and low in the '90s today's teenage industry albums—appearing at the rate of about 20 a year in every province from Newfoundland to British Columbia (where Paul Pankin, Vancouver's quintessential bohemian band, has flagged almost 1,000 albums under its Squish label)—often show producers quaking at least in good in these on albums, and even in the market.

The do-it-yourself carpenter has been brought about by necessity. "Nearly all small consumers are beach plants or U.S. imports," says James Macgregor-Dunn, president of Woodward Research, which he opened out of his house in East side central Ontario. "Beach plant" means a cooperative, and not publicly to take chances. "Many firms do little more than distribute American releases, and even Gerry Lacourciere, president of ARM Remolds of Canada, which boasts a healthy roster of 14 Canadian sites, admits that last year 90% of ARM's \$10 million in sales came from firms sourcing U.S. and French artists.

Homemade firms are more modest, more flexible. "We have the freedom to pursue anything we want," says Ding, who began Woodhead in 1974 with \$15,000 ("the equivalent of a doughnut bill at an Elton John recording session"). Most Woodheads release sell a poultry 2,000 eggs in the combs, but at an average cost of \$3,000—about one-tenth of a major's cost—he makes money after 1,000.



Springfield's Terry King, Marie Hammons and Bob Bessie have to do it their way.

That's because there is no expensive hype machine to be revved up. Promotion is an artist's individual task. Few acts as modest as Springhead, though which last year managed to get 830 fans to contribute \$9,000 for the recording of an aptly titled *Thank U To The Following* album, reward me there later with one copy each.

Now, as production becomes more sophisticated, the only lack is national distribution, but that is changing too. Tremble Clif Ltd. of Ottawa is placing 30 select homemade discs in stores across the country. "We don't expect to do more than break even for a while," says Tremble Clif president Harvey Glaz. "If an album sells 1,000 copies it means a lot to us."

Though home-made firms present nothing uniquely Canadian in the American-controlled record business, there is no immediate danger that they'll challenge the majors. Still, record history is full of firsts: first grown into giants, even A&M began in 1962 when other companies rejected Bob Alperin's idea to "uncommercialize" *"Easy could be the Alphabet of tomorrow,"* suggests Lazzarini. "I wouldn't mind Easy in place, but for the foreseeable future Woodford's president is also its only employee."

KEN WADSWORTH

Books

Let's hear it for barefootedness, pregnancy, and, of course, the kitchen

THE THORE DRAFT
by Cathleen McQuinn
Farrar & Rinehart \$12.00

By now only nostalgia buffs remember the happy mother who comely Sister Thore Adams threw away her husband (not a mother's husband—Sister Thore followed suit. Frigid's book *The Thore Draft* dramatized the woman-



McQuinn's a nice old-fashioned girl

thus wrote laundry soap ads to keep a financially ailing girl designed to keep her a house doing happy work—except at the mother's home. That came a half-century school of jack writers from Jewish Russia to Eric Segal to document in charming detail women's competence in masculine capitalism. We were liberated from providing tubes' bottoms and food to eat their children. An impressive milestone. Then the publication of Cathleen McQuinn's new novel *The Thore Draft* sends detail readers back to their proper place of childhood child-rearing and child-life. Such is women's destiny, and Avee problems there prepared to take considerable money in this enduring fact.

It cost Avee \$1.75 to lose to reduce the paperback rights to *The Thore Draft* from hardback publisher Knopf & Rose—a sum which ups over the record-breaking \$1.85 million paid for *Agatha*. But while R. D. Johnson's quasi-historical novel opened to a general readership, *The Thore Draft* can make no such claim. Only readers conditioned to the interminable agony of life on offshore television will have developed the stamina and special tolerance necessary to keep their mind to 500 pages of downed love and moderate lust all directed to the over-heating question of whether or not the heroine will get her man. (She doesn't.) With a novel price of

around \$2.50 for the paperback version Avee will need about 800,000 soap opera grapes to cover an investment. Small wonder. While literature past and present gifts eager publishers such as Canada's new Harlequin Books know what the scene is in the First Feminist market. Kate Millett may come up to bat but the typing starting her low readers. Each month Harlequin "women's books" dominates the market and drugstore stands. Classic tales of crimes and mystery soothe the fans who have made Harlequin and similar publishers among the fastest growing enterprises in North America.

The Thore Draft has all the necessary ingredients of women's fiction. It serves as a cheap station on the literary continuum of a thriller and its pages chronicle three generations of the indomitable and startlingly beautiful Clary women. The time period is 1915 to 1969 which allows the heroine to move from innocence through flappers and first love as well as teaching along the way on World War II and the Red Scare. But the heart of the story is with Meggie Clary (daughter of sister Thore Clary and Avee of even more wretched lineage). Meggie's fate is inextricably bound up with that of Father Ralph de Breunart. Father Ralph is no ordinary priest; as McQuinn's first daughter said, "he's a real deal."

"Every physical element [about him] had been put together with a degree of care about the appearance God lavished on his first creation. From the black black of his hair and the gleam of his teeth to the smooth, slender hands and feet, he was perfect. And yet there was an air of aloofness about him, a way he had of moving her he had never been enlaid by his beauty over world be. He would be in it to get what he wanted without any of the usual world. It would just not as though he was concerned at, rather as if he deemed people beneath contempt for being interested by it." And so on.

What is extraordinary about the book is the realization of its precise ethic. It's not pay for their brief moment of madness on the Australian outback. For Clary loses her husband of 20-plus years (one hour before she comes to give in and tell him she loves him after all). Her love child is caught of murder. Meggie loses Father Ralph and their offspring disown. Perhaps this is the new consciousness of the Seventies—a bankruptcy for fixed values and the need for some sort of rebirthlike moral code that is new meaning as it is the realization of the eternal page of women's fiction. But what makes most keenly is the claim of *The*

Thore Draft promotes that this is the new *Great Book*. Whatsoever its literary merit, *Great Book* *The Draft* was a huge romantic novel with stretches of fine sensitive writing and some authentic characters. If *The Thore Draft* becomes a Margaret Mitchell-style hit of our times it will be a sad comment on the literary standards of the Seventies. **BARBARA AMEL**

Old wife's tale

THE LADY WHO LOVED HER NOVELS
by L. Gordon
Farrar & Rinehart (\$10.95)

This is a curious novel, at once masterfully readable and strangely flawed. At the age of 45, Alice Melville—the lady of the title—lives in a Vancouver apartment building where, from her window, "the Pacific spread out and into after while to the end of the world when the sun went down." But she is in Vancouver only because her daughter—whom the book does not even like—chose to marry a Canadian physician and the book is almost wholly a sentimentalization of these past.

Near the end of her long life, Alice broods consistently of her prolonged but all too painful years in New York—a period that stretched from the 1880s to somewhere near the present. Here we would like to know more of the "miserable child" that she would see contemporary with all the other of the contemporary style of the widely extravagant balls and parties, of the splendid party-attended mansions of New York, of the unimpeachable faith of her class. But the novel is a sentimentalized view of a point of view that Alice grew to doubt.



Gordon: it's what he doesn't say...

Lady is a chronicle of social change. It is also a gloomy catalogue of death of her wealthy but ineffectual father of her husband's casually misanthropic father, and finally of her disappointingly gloomy and remote husband. Altogether, the result is a vision of the old New York that isn't kind.

Except for the occasional reference there is little suggestion of the boisterous liveliness of the early 20th century with its feasting, swinging oranges at banquets, or of the period's dizzying pace that a her power into today. Instead, Gordon presents a claustrophobic vision of a morbidly introspective aristocracy. Nonetheless *Lady* is filled with lively vignettes—such as the portrait of Alice's domineering mother-in-law, when the young bride suddenly turns down—and a sprinkling of historical oddities. For example, in a quote from a book on "Domestic Servants: Their Rights and Duties" we learn that the first morning duty of a lady's maid is to "draw her mistress. About this it is impossible to get directions."

Why is this not a fully successful novel? One reason may be that author Richard Gordon, a retired schoolmaster who has spent most of his life in Canada and now lives in Summit, N.J., admits to no special knowledge of New York. Then why write a novel there? Explains Gordon, whose two previous novels (*The River Get Water*, *The Arrow Road*) were critically well-received: "For the novel's sake it had to be set in a big city, and New York is probably the most suitable city in North America." Perhaps. But could not Montreal, Toronto or Vancouver itself have served equally well as backdrops to Alice's life and to the changes of the century? There is a second possibility. As one critic, you before this, wrote the city the Vancouver. Alice says of New York: "I can't imagine why anyone would ever want to live anywhere else." And yet the lesson, just why is a novel satisfactory explained.

Finally, Gordon seems guilty of a missed opportunity. In the years before the death of Alice's husband, he takes to drink, acquires a mistress and ends with writing a novel. After he dies, Alice comes into possession of the manuscript, in which she is evidently the central character. But she never reads beyond the first paragraph in which her husband's virtues of her are made clear. "The son of a woman of this nature, but no man can ever really know." Gordon might well have included more extracts of the manuscript within the text of Alice's story to reveal both sides of a miserable marriage. It seems a pity that he did not, if he had, he might have found a modestly successful novel into a viable manuscript. **MARK NICHOLS**

Making book on it

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the winner—Handbook for the Right Toronto Antiquarian Book Fair

Brinkmann displaying an 1899 Bible sold for \$1,300. He doesn't even admit it's his

The prize—a 26-volume set of Sagadahoc's V.O.—was won by Peter Howard of Scribner's Books, Berkeley, California. Howard—one of 32 U.S., Canadian and British dealers exhibiting more than one million dollars' worth of old and rare books, maps and illustrated plates at this month's fair—had the bad luck to be the first man over the border, and was held up at the airport for more than two hours even though books more than 12 years old are duty-free. Part of the problem, according to fellow exhibitor Jerry G. Starnoff, Los Angeles, may be that "the name of the game is to have an item 200 to 300 years old that doesn't look it."

Eyes focused steadily, the 2,000 collector and curious who paid admission for the privilege of sniffing the best and oldest of the books held in the chandeliers lit Crystal Ballroom of Toronto's King Edward Hotel—held "it's all these people's money at the same time," unfocused one fan—scrutinized particular books on particular shelves in a flurry of calculations.

The most expensive item on sale—acquired by Kenneth Quinichy Ltd., Lisle, Eng—was a \$48,000 copy of the Coverdale Bible, the first complete Bible in English "faithfully and truly translated out of Douche and Lupton," printed in 1535, and bound since 1784 at Bristol Baptist Col-

lege. Brink? It is my only item that did not come from such a rich house.

The basements of the western world are full of things people wouldn't throw out," says one collector. "Then they found they were profitable." How profitable a particular item may become is anyone's guess, but if you give up right you can at least double your money. This year children's books and illustrated books printed after 1850 are hot. A first edition of *Beatrix Potter's The Tale of Peter Rabbit* which the author had printed privately in 1902 was going for \$900. Another copy in "faint" condition went at auction in London last month for \$1,300. A 70-volume atlas collection covering the years 1533-1790 was recently sold to a buyer of the State of Maine for two million dollars.

While a society gazed suspiciously at what he felt was a collector's snobbery to the pay phone to report in 15 minutes or so to get them to check an old item sold into the back of the bedroom closet that might now be worth money. "It's the third book as the ink on the third shelf beside the apartment," a well-dressed man whispered into the receiver. "Who's the publisher? What's the year? There's one here just like it."

When the telephone closed at the end of the third day, \$200,000 had changed

hands. The \$48,000 Coverdale Bible had not. Top sale of the fair was made by the Mansfield Book Mart of Montreal for a seven-volume collection of Audubon's American Birds. The price was \$7,500 but there was much going for less. You could, for example, have bought a fine edition of A Child's Garden of Verse, 1896, for \$90, the first book on mushrooms printed in America in 1875, for \$4,250, an 18th-century "messenger's pocket watch" from Japan for \$1,300, or a world map printed in 1720 and offered for \$555 by W. Graham Aender 84, of Rossmore, Pennsylvania. Aender, who was selling off his own like new cars, told one disappointed-looking customer that "I'm not for you. I'm already on my way to the moon."

"I've been to go to the moon gradually," advised Rodrick Brinkmann, committee chairman and proprietor of Monk Books, Toronto. "It's not a thing you can suddenly whimsically decide to do. It has to flow from book collecting. Brinkmann, who collects the poetry of Dylan Thomas and the prose of Evelyn Waugh obviously cares about books. Nevertheless, he says he's "not a great believer in dealers being collectors. You see a book you think is super and you can't bear to sell it. It's not professional. You are in this to make a profit."

None of the dealers at the fair did "live" on the business, but they seemed experts to say professional collectors to the warning displayed on a prospectus for William Blake's *Lambton* offered by Bernard Quinichy. "Where any view of Henry 6th," Blake wrote 157 years ago. "An artist can be carried on."

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

1. *Trinity*, Usher (1)
2. *The Valhalla Exchange*, Patterson (2)
3. *The Crash Of '78*, Graham (3)
4. *Oliver's Story*, Segal (4)
5. *How To Buy Your Own Car*, Jung (5)
6. *The Chameleon Manuscript*, Luchin (6)
7. *Ghost Face*, Whittier (7)
8. *The Risk And Difference*, Horvath (8)
9. *Falcione*, Chivers (9)
10. *Lonely Devils*, Alcock (10)

NONFICTION

1. *North, Many* (1)
2. *You Know It, Even, Over* (2)
3. *The Age Of Uncertainty*, Galsbolle (3)
4. *By Persons Unknown*, Jovan (4)
5. *Changing Oceans* (5)
6. *Paradise, Shady* (6)
7. *Majesty*, Lewis (7)
8. *The Royal Silver Jubilee*, Montgomery (8)
9. *Dr. Atkins' Supermarket Diet*, Atkins (9)
10. *The Ice Effect*, Soper/Edmonds (10)

L.P. Pressed and printed by the Canadian Book Company

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For shame, you filthy perverts! You ought to wash out your mouths with soap!

Column by Allan Fotheringham

The funniest magazine article I have ever read is a piece by a woman, some 70 years of age, that deals with a certain way of pleasing the male sex organ. It is in the *May Report*, it is by Helen Lawrence and is entitled *How Now, Friends? Why Don't You Tarry?* If it is the first magazine article ever to deal with this tricky art and its occasional variations, by the rule of artful innocence, managers to reduce the whole practice to high literature to the extent the reader is left, ah, long with history. The lesson that can be drawn from this is that there is now no aspect of sex that cannot be made fun of publicly.

I mention all this because of the new *For Shame* comic by John Merner, the 50-year-old Canada Customs officer who co-placed why he, as his benevolent wisdom, had made the decision to ban the *May* issue of *For Shame* from our province because of 32 pages of naughty pictures. The Canadian public, he explained, speaking for all of us, "is not content." Just when several million people on this continent are laughing their heads off at Lawrence's definition of the oral subject, in denuding her experiences with a over 40 years, Merner is taking it all in with too seriously.

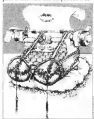
The whole thing reminds me of what James Thurber said in 1978 in explaining why he had his wife and 6. What had written a book called *It's Not Normal*? Thurber explained that "the experts had gotten down and were waiting for me, and someone had to respond to the subject in the way it is really discussed." I don't know where Merner does his deep research into the Canadian public's preference in the bathroom and automobile, but he obviously hasn't been having second morning business and bookends.

One of the greatest audience reactions in recent filmfare came in *Shampoo* when Julie Christie announced that she'd like to perform that specialized dance as Warren Beatty under the table at a political banquet. The current hit movie in *Shampoo* and *Paul Newman* spends what seems like half of its talking about the same supposedly verboten subject, women to women, men to men. The movie is billed as you'll notice as the comedy hit of the year.

What poor Merner doesn't realize is that oral pornography is boring, after 16 minutes and the only way to stretch the interest is with humor. Do the Customs guards of our minds know that the Governor General's reward for fiction in Canada this year was awarded to a book that details a woman's sexual encounter with a bear?

(Even more pertinent, when the Governor General presented the prize to Marian Engel, did she read a prize to the women spectators explaining the book *Bear* is about a female almost getting it on with an animal? Does Canada Customs know about that?)

The English prefecture who said long ago that sex is highly overrated explained that "the pleasure is purely temporary, the pain is everlasting and the politician is always



voluntarily ridiculous." The reason *Days of Heaven* made \$40 million and enabled Linda Lovelace to go into the redoubt at Ament is that it was the first porno film made in the tongue-in-cheek and a word. The breakthroughs are not being made in technique—there's nothing really new, beneath all the whipped cream and black whips, has ever been revealed—but in the human ways of relating it.

Everybody thought, a semi-underground book, Terry Southern's *Candy* had exhausted all the comedy aspects of evasion and Gore Vidal gracefully swept the best-seller heights with *Myra Breckinridge*. We assumed that Philip Roth, with *Penetration*, *Goodbye, Bad, Hello*, nothing more to deal with after making male masturbation funny. Now? He looks old-fashioned and humorless after *Erica Jong*.

Chas. Robert Fulford complains that Jong writes "pornography for people who have gone to college." Perhaps, but doesn't everybody have rights? Why discriminate against the poor deprived PhD? Should he have to buy his own dirty novels to get his pills? Ms. Jong, who taught women about aphrodisiacs in *Fire of Desire*, is now serving to the best-seller list with *How To Save Your Own Life*, which del-

ivers women's liberation yet another business step in the land of innocence. She is of the school of starchy old, Henry Miller, who thought that sex was delicious but also very funny, and *Erica* romps through lesbianism, groupsex, and such as champagne bottles and other subjects too dull to dwell upon.

You can't pick up anything these days without finding sex twisted to death. A copy of *Toronto Life* which all the trendy people consult before buying their gold-plated faithful fridges deals with Rape Forcibly by Margaret Atwood, one trapdoor about by Gourmet Centre and a third piece on the new *Paranoids Of Power*. New York's *California* equivalent for the upwardly struggling middle class has a cover story on Sexual Power—explaining why certain males can get girls onto the sack and why certain others flame out on the landing pad. Even the wife of the Prime Minister brought a host of Knif-thing to South Canada with her in on the run-on qualities of gentlemen.

In this decade of liberation, when any self-respecting coxer get can't make it through coffee breaks unless he knows all the words from *Shakespeare*, it is even more imperative for the male to have a sense of humor about the most ludicrous sport of all, since there are indications he is going the way of the wombat. He is over-marching about the lecture halls of the phallic advertising that women use a new hair-washed method—shampoo—canal male society is forced to devote a more acceptable consumption device than the pill.

Moving right along, the new folk hero of the feminist movement, *Sherry Hall* says there is a solution to the death of female orgasm: do it yourself. In the newest book sensation, *The Hot Report* she takes the Mr. Fix-it tips of the 1960s, when everyone was taught one could do one's own plumbing, to the ultimate extreme. It's the women's college industry. The male manual, with his attachment, is superfluous in the Hot world and any imaginative woman who owns a shower needs can get along without him very well. A man reading *The Hot Report* gets the sort of queasy feeling a buggy-whip manufacturer must have felt when he saw the first quarterly sales figures on the Model T.

If Ottawa is musing all this it's hard to imagine how it can cope with the masses of inflation. Just when sex is getting thudier the government is taking it more seriously. Censorship is not the answer. Laughter is.

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